THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday, Sept. 5, 1937

Paintings By American Indians

The Buffalo Dance and Chorus, an Old Ceremony in Which the Indians Appealed for Good Hunting. Painting by an Indian Artist of Cochiti Pueblo.

Indian Chiefs Holding a Solemn Peace Conference. By the Distinguished Indian Painter, Ogwa Po, of San Ildefonso Pueblo.

The Giant "Shalako" of the Zuni Indians, Who Is Supposed to Bring the Much Needed Rain. Painted by a Zuni Artist.

A Spirited Buffalo Hunt, an Interesting Reminiscence of Old Times. By Ma Pe We, of Zia Pueblo.

The Entertaining Crow Dance, Led by a Black Crow With a Red Sash and Black and White Feathers on His Head. Painted by a Pueblo Indian.

IT IS now recognized by high authority that the American Indians have many painters of great ability. Most of the tribes displayed fine artistic taste back in pre-Columbian days, and even in prehistoric time. Today they are cultivating it more than ever. Especially among the Southwestern Indians are tribes active in painting.

On this page are reproduced some of the finest paintings by the foremost Indian artists of the present day. Every figure in these pictures has a symbolic meaning, explaining something in the history and institutions of the tribe. For instance, in the painting called "The Buffalo Dance," the ceremony appeals to the gods for a good supply of animal food. Although there is no more buffalo hunting, these Indians revere the god.

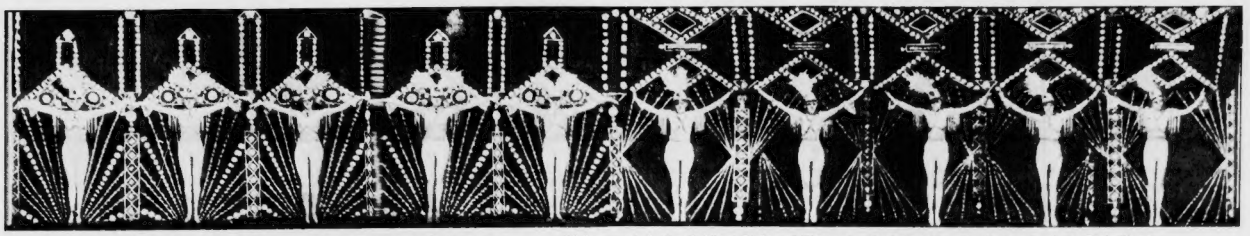
The "Shalako Ceremony" of the Zuni Indians is intended to bring rain where it is much needed, and makes an interesting subject for a painting. In the painting the "Shalako" wears a white cotton blanket, nicely adorned with rain emblems.

The "Corn Dance" is an appeal to the higher powers that rule mankind for an abundant corn crop. The leading figure is the standard bearer, carrying a ten-foot pole, topped by a spreading bunch of brilliant macaw, parrot and woodpecker feathers, knotted by strings of colored beads and sea shells, all of which spell "more and better corn."

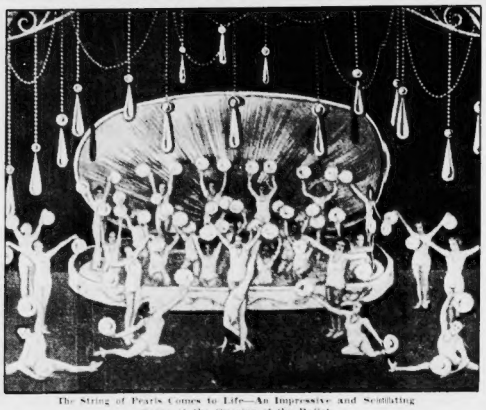
Indian art is decorative, colorful, lively, significant and dramatic.

The Corn Dance, in Which the Pueblo Indians, Men and Women, Clamor for an Abundant Corn Crop. By Tonita Pena, the Talented Indian Woman Artist.

"Living Jewels" In The Latest Paris Ballet



Living Jewels in the Brilliant String of Diamonds, the Latest Novelty Spectacle of the Paris Stage, Which, During the Ballet, Evolves Into a Huge Bracelet.



The String of Pearls Comes to Life—An Impressive and Scintillating Scene at the Opening of the Ballet.

THE new floor show at the Casino de Paris, one of the more popular hot spots of the French capital, is as one bedazzled Gaul recently remarked, a sight for the eyes.

The managers of the night club working out a new way to show off the forms and faces of its pretty chorines may or may not have borrowed inspiration from the recent coronation of King George VI, just across the Channel. Anyway he picked precious jewels as the motif for his offering to the wining and dining trade and with the help of costumers and makers of theatrical props turned out a striking divertissement.

As the photographs on this page show every number in the performance centers using gems of the ladies of the ensemble and they do their turns against backgrounds that add to the sparkling illusion.

In one number the girls form themselves into a diamond bracelet. In another they are locked away in a gigantic jewel box. The revue talents and the pretty performers appear with synthetic pearls in their hands. The "pearls" in this instance are balloons cleverly painted to prevent the glowing beauty of such gems.

The stage is cleverly lighted during each number so that the gem-like sets and the costumes of the girls gleam and glisten and flash myriad-colored reflections in the eyes of the patrons. Even the music was selected to suggest luxury and delicacy.

One columnist on a Parisian daily wrote that the new attraction at the Casino is the smartest sort of showmanship because "all men enjoy looking at shapely girls and all women are intrigued by jewelry."

The Pearls, Now Out of the Jewel Case, Are Extended Into Long Glistening Chains.

Figure It Out

A CHARLES CITY, Iowa, farmer, Leo G. Zimmer, twenty-three, and his father Jacob, sixty-one, recently married sisters. A press report, commenting on the unusual double wedding, recently explained: "Now Don is his father's brother-in-law as well as brother-in-law and stepson to his father's wife. His father's wife besides being his stepmother-in-law and his mother-in-law, also is Don's sister-in-law as well as her sister. The two girls were united in a double ceremony to the father and son. The father is at once Don's brother-in-law and his stepmother's sister, brother-in-law and daughter-in-law."

Seeking the Most Ferocious Bird

WHAT is probably the most ferocious and dangerous flying bird in the world soon will be on its way to the United States from the wilds of Africa. It is the Crowned Hawk Eagle and makes its home in the deep jungles of the Dark Continent. Not more than 100 feet of the eagles have been brought down by hunters, and only one or two long-distance shots with a camera have been made of the fierce birds.

Captain Charles W. Wright, the famous British naturalist, is at the head of an expedition which has as its principal goal the capture of the whole life cycle of the Crowned Hawk Eagle and a few nice specimens to bring home for the zoo.

It is the plan to build models in the tops of trees in the jungle, where the birds breed, and then, with the aid of fairly new, high-speed cameras equipped with exposure locks, "Kim," if the conquest succeeds, the one will snap the photographs on the cliffs of Great Horn for ensuing months.

The claws and beaks of the bird tribe seldom at the mercy of the fiercest plume but extremely powerful feet, fitted with curving talons as hard and sharp as steel. With these feet and its hooked beak it kills creatures much bigger and stronger than itself.

Jacob Zimmer, His Son Don and the Two Sisters, of Charles City, Iowa, Whom Father and Son Married, Thus Creating an Intricate Problem of Relationship, in Which Don Is His Father's Brother-in-Law, and His Mother-in-Law Is Also His Sister-in-Law.

End Of the One-Man Railroad

FIFTY years ago Frank G. Walrose bought a railroad from Hope Valley, Rhode Island, to Providence, and decided that he would run it himself. The little road was a success from the start, and Mr. Walrose became known as the one-man railroad of the world, and the only concern in the world Hope Valley boasted as long as the owner remained in control.

Mrs. Walrose is dead and there is no longer any good reason why the road should be operated. At least that's the opinion of the trustees of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, which acquired a majority of the stock of the railroad "system," and Mr. Walrose is inclined to agree with them.

The only thing there were threats to the railroad, but Walrose always managed to keep it in existence by one method or another. Once he took an execution of the New Haven road to his mother's home where, after a feast of pumpkin pie, he paid it and from cents and a dollar.

Mr. Walrose has been on the road so long he is known as "Colonel," although there never was a military man in his family, unless it was Mr. Walrose himself.

Mr. Walrose was president of the electric railway and his brother-in-law, Larkin, was engineer; conductor, baggageman, track walker and general agent.

Girl, 12, Is Veterinary Of Seasoned Veterans

VIRGINIA KNOWLES, only a dozen years old, and a grammar school student, is an expert veterinary. Her father's pet hospital in Miami, Florida, is known all over the state and hundreds of people have heard of the girl's skill.

Besides acting as her father's assistant in operations, she has made a special study of skin diseases and the treatments for them. She is handy with the microscope and prepares her own slides of tissues for study. Many a case of constriction has been placed in her hands to diagnose and cure and a shot to bring the animal back to normal condition.

Virginia Knowles, the Twelve-Year Old Veterinary, Who Has Done Chores in a Pet Hospital Since She Was Six. She Is Shown Above Treating a Sick Puppy, and on the Right, Administering Ether as Her Father Tries to Relax the Frightened Patient.

Rediscovered at Last — Secrets of Egyptian Embalmers?

FOR a long time scientists have been seeking the embalming secrets of the ancient Egyptians. Portions have been found in the attempts of a few men such as the wealthy subjects of the pharaohs used to preserve their bodies which were placed in a crouched position in tombs of three thousand years. The problem remained as difficult to solve as the fabled riddle of the Sphynx.

It may be, however, that an obscure chemist in the province of Salvatore Perotta has by years of patient experiment, finally solved the secret of the ancients. Perotta has studied embalming for years. He had at supposedly the best of opponents at their disposal failed to do. At least two professors in the Faculty of Rome University of Turin believe that Perotta may have discovered the embalming secrets that were employed when the Pharaohs of Egypt were lords of the Nile and long before the First white men set foot on the Western Hemisphere.

More than twenty years ago Perotta had to leave the University of Turin because of financial difficulties. He was considered to have a brilliant future in medical chemistry. He went into partnership set up a small metal laboratory with such money as he could spare and went to work. It was noted that he used the same tools with a fixed hand. In interest on the old Egyptian formulas. He made hundreds of changes in the mixture and tried it on small animals and birds. But he said nothing of his experiments for the next two years ago, when he apparently perfected the substance and the embalming process. He has in his workshop birds embalmed more than two years ago that are in as fine a state of preservation as the instant they were killed in the interest of science.

The professors of the University of Turin have studied the animals and birds and are amazed at the "healthy" condition of these exhibits. They have invited Perotta to make use of the facilities of their well-equipped laboratories for further experiment.

The railroad man has turned down several offers by commercial concerns to buy the rights to his find and his process. He expects some day to become wealthy by his discovery.

Stork Visits Smallest Cow

THE town around the steelworks of Kansas City, Missouri, don't seem to easily get excited about the birth of a calf. Such unusual events are common occurrences in this center of the cattle industry. But they did get worked up the other day at a normal hot call that was here to what is perhaps the smallest cow alive. The stork delivered on the photograph at the bottom of the page.

The cow is the property of Harry Elson, a livestock expert connected with the stockyards. She has a normal body on short stunted legs which are only eight inches long. She weighs 900 pounds and stands only 28 inches at the shoulders. She is by freak parentage, the dwarfed daughter of her dwarfed daughter.

The bovine construction of the mother fooled the newspapers, but not for long. When the cow heard out that it couldn't stand on its feet to feed it ate down on the ground to nurse the calf and took its meals in a reclining position.

The short-legged mother seemed to understand that Nature had played a trick which needed her help to overcome, but there was nothing she could do to make things easier for the calf.

Veterinaries who have studied the freak say that the calf's chances of such a "critter" surviving in real life are in the millions.

This Cow, Eight Years Old, Is a Proud Mother. She Is Only 28 Inches High, Weighs 900 Pounds, and Has Legs That Measure Only Eight Inches.

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Fears Mama Took the Wrong Marriage Prescription

Patent Medicine Heiress Merry Fahrney, Who Has Slipped Up on Two of Her Own and Is Now Trying Out a Third, Explains Why She Has Her Doubts About Her New Young Step-papa

℞ MERRY'S MARRIAGE PRESCRIPTION NO.1- MR. HUGH PICKERING
℞ MERRY'S MARRIAGE PRESCRIPTION NO.2- MR. F. VEISZNER
℞ AVIATOR BRUNO SCHUSTEK WHO FOUND MERRY BAD MEDICINE

Merry Fahrney Pickering Eisner

Berlingieri, the Interesting "Patent Medicine Heiress."

"M

…ther has gotten the wrong bottle. I must …ave her attention."

Merry Fahrney, known in the shadowy palaces of matrimonial agents as the "shady" patent medicine heiress, arrived secretly on this affair as per your correspondent in Paris and Isobel Hunt in Chicago. But she was too late all was over. Her mother had taken the bottle in worse. Theodore Hardeen, said to be a nephew of the late Harry Houdini, a good divorce to compliment, smartly caught.

Merry are not she doesn't want to be saved.

Merry Fahrney sometimes thinks and talks in terms of bottles and medicines because her grandfather, Peter Fahrney, left $6,000,000, amassed by selling patent medicine to heifers. The young lady knows all about Mr. Hardeen and says she has explained to her mother that he should be last medicine for the heart trouble which has dwindling Mrs. Marian Fahrney since her husband's death a few years ago.

For one thing, she says he isn't quite 32 years old and not even in 30. Also Merry seems to think he is "the nice working-up type," all right to give children, but all wrong for grandmothers, like Mrs. Fahrney.

Merry's frantic dash to save her mother revealed that she has not just taken her own third bottle of "heart medicine" in the form of her third husband, Baron Arturo Berlingieri of Italy. Asked if she was not afraid that the same bottle that Merry's mother had for her nervous system, the brand-new Baroness replied:

"I don't think so. You see he can't speak English. I can't speak Italian, and what little French we have between us isn't enough to argue with and sometimes not for quarreling. We couldn't do a real row without having an interpreter."

Then someone suggested humbly that with such limited means of communication they had managed to establish the perfect understanding on which marriages have in supposed to rest.

"Well," she explained, he refused to flirt with me. He insisted on making an honest woman of me. So I had to marry him."

This inspiring testimony shows that even in these degraded times virtue is its own reward just as it was in the good old copy-book days, with one slight difference. It used to be the poor but virtuous maiden who, by constantly saying "No! No!" to the careless millionaire, was able to marry him. This time the poor but virtuous Baroness, using the same formula, "Non! Non!," has married a millionairess.

Baroness Merry describes her latest quarry-spond matrimonial circuit as a gentleman jockey who rides in races just for the fun of it." She added that she doesn't seem to have any money now but when his uncle the Marquis of something or other dies he will get some money and a better title."

This seems about all she has been able to find out regarding her husband, without calling in an interpreter, which might be tricky. It was plausible enough because "gentlemen jockeys" do not ride for money, which is one reason they almost never have any until they marry an heiress.

There was just one more bit of information. She understood the reason Baron Arturo never married before is that for seven years he had a sweetheart. If he was such a stickler for marriage why hadn't he married the sweetheart and how could a man without money keep a sweetheart all those years? The Baroness did not know and was not going to hire an interpreter to ask him any such questions.

Mrs. E. H. Fahrney Hardeen, Merry's Mama.

Merry's Sister, Myrtle Fahrney Saemann, Whose Baby Was Described as "a Therapeutic Affair."

For the alleged wrong marriage prescription which her mother has just taken, Merry largely blames herself because she forged that "mother is a Quaker, who, married at 17, never really learned anything about men and sees only good in everyone."

Some medicine has to be shaken before it is taken. If Merry hadn't first shaken Mr. Hardeen, she says, her mother would not have taken him. This is how Merry explains it:

"I was the one like a little fool who sicked Todd Hardeen onto the family. After I met him he followed me about like a dog, even to Florida —begging me constantly to marry him. He became such a pest that he nearly drove me nuts. Finally, hoping to get rid of him by keeping him occupied, I asked mother if she'd turn over the routine matters of her estate to Todd.

"'Mother,' I said, 'why not give this guy a break and get him off my neck as well? He's a young struggling lawyer and he'll take care of the routine matters for so much less than any of the big men of the profession.'

"Well, she consented to meet him and I took him out to the house. Father had passed away a few months before and mother was feeling very blue and didn't seem to want to talk about estate matters. When she met Todd she seemed even less willing to discuss business.

"When Todd had left she said to me, 'Merry, this young chap may be all right but I'm not a bit impressed.' But I prevailed upon her to engage him for routine matters and she weakly consented."

Merry, then, according to her story, went blissfully about her travels.

Returning from one of these jaunts she says she was astonished to find that Hardeen appeared to be virtually one of the family even to showing up for Sunday dinner every week.

"I thought mother was acting a little coy and naive for one of her age and she seemed to hang on every word Todd uttered," said Merry.

"I thought I'd die laughing when I heard Todd say to her: 'Mrs. Fahrney, your taste in art is truly remarkable. That gentle sunset scene over there is characteristic of your fine and beautiful nature.'"

When I turned on him and said: 'Listen Todd, are you going nuts or something,' he answered me, and I'll never forget the patient, simpering smile he had often to send it: 'Merry, he said, 'you mustn't talk that way … it doesn't become you.'

"I rode only gape at him with my mouth wide open. Was this the guy I said to myself, who was the life of the party, who spent every night of his life in a nightclub and who wouldn't go home even after they closed the joints up?

"When he left after some more gentle words with mother in the front hall I turned to her and asked: 'Mother, are you falling for that guy or something?' Well, I nearly fell off the settee when she answered:

"'Merry Todd has asked me to marry him. He says I must, because he needs the guidance of a good woman so badly.'"

Merry relates that she then talked with her mother far into the night, told her how Todd had followed her, Merry, for months begging the while to marry her. "For heaven's sakes, mother!" she said she pleaded, "don't be ridiculous. Maisie reports 'you don't understand Todd might be guilty of telling little white lies to a young woman. His intentions are no conflict to one so much older.' He would know it would have too much …

It seemed nevertheless that Merry …ter mother to promise that she …ld not marry Todd and on the …ir lawyer she would not marry him without first getting Merry's consent, which she said, of course, said she never suspected it was going to be.

So away went Merry on one of her …unts which took her this time to Paris and Rome and there she met the Baron in at least elegant Baron, be…ause she found he was "the only person who could kill time." And while Arturo was telling her that he wasn't that kind of a boy and I one didn't marry him, he wouldn't come up and see her any more. Maisie in Chicago, grabbed that forbidden bottle out of the medicine closet and mixed with it.

Besides the marriage, one of the things that seem to annoy Merry particularly about mama is she says that Mrs. Hardeen, some time ago cashed in her share of the inheritance of the patent medicine millions, amounting to $1,500,000, for $900,000 ready cash.

It's hard to explain why Merry ever thought she could keep her mother from taking the wrong medicine, if it was the wrong medicine, because ever since the girl was a child she has been getting the bottles mixed up and causing herself and everyone close to her all sort of distress.

One day when Merry was a schoolgirl she ran out of the house to get a doctor to come and prescribe something for a sick servant. Three hours later she came back with six police dogs somebody had sold her, having clean forgotten what she had been sent after.

Another time her parents decided the best "prescription" for themselves and their madcap daughter would be for her to take a short cruise, while they went into the country to recuperate. But when they got back, and were approaching their home, they saw all the neighbors staring at it as if it was on fire. But it wasn't on fire.

Merry's boat had docked sooner than expected and she had decided that just what she needed to tone up her system was a house party and had invited everybody on board to come and visit her, indefinitely. That was a pretty strong dose for the parents, and the servants, too, but after getting the guests out of the house, the parents have managed thus far to stay by giving them a letter in the form of increased wages.

The next thing Merry proceeded for herself was a parachute jump and that also almost killed her. The chute got caught on the wing of the plane and there she dangled, unable to free herself. The pilot dared not land and soon in after his daredevil would run out of gas. Merry, Bruno Schustek, 25-year-old war flyer, saw her plight and went up in another plane to save her. He let himself down with a rope and worked for two hours trying to get to her. Finally, either by his effort or luck, her chute became untangled and she floated safely to the earth. But Schustek was so worn out he could not climb rope up to his plane, and when he tried it he fell slipped and he fell 600 feet to his death.

Not long after that Merry married Hugh Pickering, a sporting set at first it looked as if she had read the label right for once. They had one child, named Peter Fahrney for his grandfather, and for two years this matrimonial medicine seemed to be agreeing with Merry first rate. But then one day she found it wasn't and got a divorce.

Some time later, in Chicago, she took several drinks of very bad medicine, the kind that during Prohibition nobody was supposed to have without a doctor's prescription. From telling of how nearly losing Merry has boiled down what happened to the following short, short story.

First I felt ill, then I felt much, then I woke up in the hospital with a fractured skull and a husband.

Her conscious mind a blank, she had married a casual friend, Frank Van Kleeck, and after the ceremony their car had been in an accident sending the bride couple to the hospital and Frank's brother, Donald, who had been best man, to the cemetery. The surgeons fixed up her skull and the courts her annulment.

Also everyone urged her, for Heaven's sake, to be careful and it seems that she tried very hard. Though it was reported that she was about to take several highly recommended specifics for a lonely heart, including Prince Yusoo Troubletawny and the water sister George Dufrow she shook them all without taking any, until the Baron Arturo came along.

Merry's chief concern at present is to get her six-year-old daughter Peter Fahrney Pickering away from her mother's custody. He has an income of $12,000 a year and at the age of 21 should inherit about $700,000. Blaming the boy under Mrs. Fahrney's care and seeing the a good idea even to Merry, with her mother was the sedate wife of Mr. Emory H. Fahrney and she herself was Chicago's plaid girl number one. But now Merry says it is "something else again."

Merry's sister Myrtle was married to Franklin Seamann, of Oak Park, Illinois, but he wasn't the right medicine either, and she divorced him a few years later. In a subsequent fight for their baby the child's nurse testified that a doctor had said that Myrtle's having the baby was a therapeutic affair that she was not capable of loving anyone. Afterwards sister Myrtle was sent to a sanitarium and her mother and her back were put in charge of her share of the old doctor's millions. Her share at that time was estimated to be about $1,000,000.

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8 Million Little Pests From One Pair of Flies

A Full-Grown Female Dew Fly Photographed in a Berlin Laboratory Just Before the Beginning of the Experiment Which Proved that One of These Pests, Mated with a Male Member of the Species, Can Breed 400 Offspring in 10 Days and Start a Family that Will Grow to 8 Million Within a Month's Time.

— And Right —

Only a Few of the 8 Million Destructive Nuisances Which Were Bred in 30 Days by the Pair of Dew Flies, Their "Children" and "Grandchildren."

BERLIN.

EVERY entomologist knows that most insects breed mightily and that if it wasn't for the birds and their other enemies the pests soon would make life on earth impossible for the human race. But it isn't often that a scientist goes to the trouble to actually find out just what the prodigious birth rate of some crawling or flying nuisance is.

Not long ago a German naturalist, starting with a pair of dew flies, protected the critters from their enemies and other untoward conditions so that they could produce as many unbiessed events as possible. He anticipated lots of flies but was amazed at the unimaginably big family that resulted from the experiment.

One male and one female were put in a flask, with plenty of their favorite food. It took no urging to get them to mate. Ten days later the flask was crawling with 400 youngsters, half of them males and, of course, the others females.

As is the case with dew flies, these newcomers grew quickly to adulthood and enthusiastically devoted their time to producing a second generation. They were quartered in several glass bottles, and a wise provision this was, because about ten days after they were grown up enough to reproduce themselves, they presented the scientist with no less than 80,000 live and hungry offspring which were duly counted and set down on the score sheet under their high-sounding zoological name drosphila melanogaster. Many photographs of the proceedings were taken.

This time a whole battery of bottles had to be set up on the laboratory tables with a certain number of males and females in each one. Ten more days elapsed and then the third generation began appearing, blackening the sides of the transparent containers. When the whole crop was born the experimenters had to give up counting the pests one by one, they estimated them by weight and discovered that they had something like eight million dew flies on hand. A few of this unbelievably large family are shown in the remarkable photograph below.

A Glass Bottle in Which Some of the Descendants of the Original Pair of Dew Flies Were Kept, Safe from Their Enemies, Until Their Breeding Possibilities Could Be Scientifically Checked.

Newest Thing in Bath-houses

THE increasingly popular interest in sea and sun bathing has inspired many inventors to design and perfect devices intended to be of service to the thousands of people who like the girl who hung her clothes on a hickory limb before she ventured where there's water and room to roll in the ultra-violet rays that beat down from the sky.

Here and there about the country there are many bathing pavilions with the usual arrangement of rows and rows of bath-houses, usually small wooden cubicles with just about room enough to dress and undress. The snootier beach clubs go in for more sizable and elaborate bath-houses, some of them glorified to the name cabana. Other fortunate humans with lots of money in the bank have beach houses of their own, with lots of room for getting out of and into clothes and for such allied activities as playing games and sitting at the bar for pick-me-ups of ardent spirits.

But the most interesting development in bath-houses at the moment is the trend toward private cabanas, which are in evidence right where they can be carried from the home to the seaside and set up wherever the owner desires. Such a bath-house is the trim one shown in the photograph at the bottom of the page.

This structure, light enough to be carried in the back, or on the top of an automobile, looks like nothing so much as a huge firecracker, because of its cylindrical shape. But it has a lot of room for all its compactness and when the closed door is off you there is even more room and a sort of screen to protect the bather from curious eyes.

The portable bath-house has two outstanding advantages: it is absolutely private and it can be set up anywhere. The owner of such a gadget can drive for miles to get away from the so-called madding crowd and put the little bath-house on some secluded section of beach where few people if any at all are likely to come for their salt water and sunshine. It is said that the film stars of Hollywood, who are great ones for taking up innovations are going in for these individual bath-houses in a large way. Death became the device gives them a chance to escape from gate-crashers and autograph seekers when they feel the urge to take a swim in their wake.

The photograph on this page was mapped on the beach at Santa Monica, California, and it is said that the appearance of the modernistic cabin attracted much attention from well-to-do folks who wanted to know where they might find such seaside trappings.

"During the past year several attempts have been made to popularize a light and handy bath dressing room which, when not in use, could be kept on the order of a large sweeping bag. The owner gets inside the big sack, which pulls up around the neck and changes clothes in comparative privacy.

This Light and Portable Cabana Recently Made Its Appearance on the Beach at Santa Monica, California. When Closed It Looks Something Like a Huge Firecracker and When Open It Reveals a Remarkable Amount of Space. The New Device Is Said to Be Popular with Some of the Movie Stars of Nearby Hollywood.

Thrills A Audiences by Hypnotizing a Vicious Crocodile B H V C

BERLIN.

THE Germans are great ones to go to the circus and they seem to like the thrill acts best. They save their loudest applause for the man who gets into the steel cage with a dozen lions and tigers and puts them through their paces with a pistol in one hand and an iron bar in the other. The Teutons get a kick out of the men and the women who fly through the air with the greatest of ease, but they prefer the stunts of stars who are shot out of cannons and who shoot light rapier shafting of their brains.

That's why a few weeks ago, when a circus rolled into the German capital and pitched the big top in a field on the outskirts of the city that a comparatively lithest act of the big show seemed to go over best with the customers. This act, an act one that isn't found in the usual travelling spectacle, it billed as coming from somewhere in the ancient East." That may be part of the barker's spiel to be taken with a grain of salt. But the diversion, supplied by one Koringa and a full-grown crocodile, might well have originated somewhere East of Suez," where entertainment crops up in strange and unexpected forms.

In any case, Koringa, a kinky-haired young woman with a poker face and steel eyes comes into the centre ring with the brute that is her partner and does things with the beast that most animal trainers wouldn't even attempt.

First she gazes steadily into the crocodile's eyes, standing off at a distance and slowly coming closer to her ugly partner. Perhaps it's all an act, but the beast appears to fall under the influence of the girl who keeps up a quiet conversation, presumably in some cheerful language.

Then a lump the crocodile doesn't seem inclined to cooperate. It noddles slowly about the platform, surveying a leisurely way and the least sense somewhat subdued.

The ballyhoo man in an eloquent running fire of comment tells the spectators that Koringa has strange powers over reptiles, from no fear for the monsters, and believe it or not, talks a lingo that they understand. More than that, the drawing conversation sometimes sounds like a dialogue.

Koringa, a Circus Performer, Staring Into the Eyes of Her Crocodile Partner Which, Apparently, Falls Into a Hypnotic Spell and Does Not Attempt to Make a Meal of His Daring Mistress.

If the circus publicity department hasn't exaggerated the story of the trembling alone overcomes those in only the other acts which equals it and that is staged by one Ma Ha, a Burmese snake charmer who travels about the East and the Near East with a pet cobra. She lets the reptile wind its coils about her body and like Koringa, carries on a running conversation with her partner. And at the conclusion of the performance, she actually induces the serpent to kiss her with its loathsome fangs. The cobra's head puffs out, as though it were angry, but it's rather a gentle.

Koringa's crocodile is an evil fellow, but of the arena and away from her engaging presence. She does not permit anyone to handle the brute in its cage and, in fact, there are no men with the show who care to tackle with so snapping distance of the creature's maw, armed with rows of sharp teeth.

There may be something in the hypnotic effect of the girl on the crocodile because, now in a long time, she refuses to share her stunt. Things are not right today." It is assumed that she keeping a careful watch over her partner, senses that the crocodile is in an especially evil mood and that, perhaps, her hypnotic powers are not at their best. Anyway there are times when she doesn't even take the beast out of its cage and the management has to explain that one of the acts billed has had to be omitted.

Mr. MacKaye's Clever "Jack-in-the-Box" Motorcycle

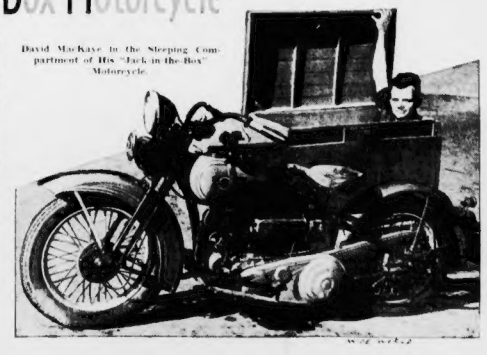
THE motorcycle has in the past few years been hooked up with cars that slide out at the side and contains that pull directly astern. At least one motorcycle trailer has made its appearance on the country's highways. But no one has done quite the tricks with one of the power bikes that David MacKaye has. Mr. MacKaye resigned his job as a high school teacher in California to have a fling at his hobby of studying insects and other forms of wild life. His route includes a jaunt through Mexico, Central America and all of South America to the Straits of Magellan.

He decided to make the journey on, and in, a motorcycle, so he designed a sort of "jack-in-the-box" side car. The bin-like contraption has a compartment for extra clothes and equipment needed for such an undertaking. At night, or when he feels the urge to sleep or duck for cover, he just crawls down in the bottom of the box, in which he may install an air mattress.

After the miniature bungalow had been installed the amateur naturalist made several trial runs to find out whether the device is practical and whether any changes should be made before he set out. Everything was all right.

A screen will be provided for the top of the box, so that the compact sleeping compartment will be well ventilated in warm weather and, at the same time, protect the traveler from some of the pests he's going after.

The device doesn't, of course, provide a great deal of room for the scientist or his luggage. If he collects a great many specimens he will be unable to stow them all in the bin-like sidecar, but will have to bundle them up carefully and ship them home to be sorted and studied when he has completed the long jaunt up and down a couple of continents.



David MacKaye in the Sleeping Compartment of His "Jack-in-the-Box" Motorcycle.

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One Day in Each Year Death Beckoned Lovely Lady Cardigan

Strange Tragedy of the Young English Peeress Who Was Happy Between the Anniversaries of Her Mother's Suicide, but Finally Killed Herself on That Fatal Day After Winning Seven Reprieves

The Seventh Earl of Cardigan Wearing the Uniform in Which He Led the Charge of the Light Brigade in the Battle of Balaclava in the Crimean War and From Whom the Title Descended to the Present Earl.

There, in the Courtyard of the Hotel Savoy, in London, They Found the Body of Lady Cardigan, Fully Dressed as if for Some Court Function. Following Death's Beckoning Finger, She Had Leaped From the Window.

Lady Joan Cardigan, Wife of the Earl of Cardigan, Who for Eight Years Fought the Urge to Kill Herself on the Anniversary of Her Mother's Death and Finally Succumbed to It.

LONDON, Aug. —. When the lonely countess of Cardigan, wife of the Earl of Cardigan, whose title is one of the oldest and most respected in England, killed herself the other day by jumping from a seventh-story window of the Hotel Savoy in London, that was the end of one of the strangest cases of mental conflict ever brought to the attention of psychologists.

Eight years before, to the day, an accident to the hair, Lady Cardigan's mother committed suicide. And now it is known that on each anniversary of that tragedy, death also beckoned to Lady Cardigan. And that she fought desperately by every means she could think of, to keep herself from following the mother's example, convinced each time that if she could get safely through the day she would be able to hold on to her life for one more year.

It was natural for Lady Cardigan to be deeply stricken by the death of her mother, and she suffered greatly, but [illegible] no one thought it had left such a lasting effect upon her. To all outward appearances, she seemed the same as ever, and went tirelessly in the round of life again, doing in the way that most appeared to her in the [illegible] surroundings of the Cardigan country home at Deene, with her domestic friends and the small boys.

But after the period of mourning an unchecked change came over her. She ceased to entertain, since she could at best pay parties given at the height of the season, and went into the country, apparently because she did not care for the life in London. But now it is known that she was dreading the approach of the first anniversary of her mother's death, and believed that the only way she could save herself was to flee to her husband and her children, close to her, in the home that meant so much to her. Most of that first anniversary she spent playing games with her children, making much over every little thing they did or said.

But as the second anniversary approached the order was reversed. When the old nightmare began to creep over her, she fled to London, throwing herself into the social scene so completely and with such appeared to be such light-hearted gaiety her friends could scarcely believe she was the same person. In this way she passed the second anniversary. It was not until the third anniversary that she revealed what was going on in her mind, with this strange remark.

"If I do not kill myself on this day, I know I have another year to live."

Seven different times she succeeded in winning a reprieve from death, and each time she was either with her husband and children in the country, or with those of her friends in the midst of a gay party. But the eighth time she tried to fight the battle out alone, and that may be the reason she lost it.

A good general always tries to pick the place for a battle, some spot that will give him the advantage, and then force his enemy to meet him there. Lady Cardigan knew this as well as anyone, for she had married into a family famous for its generalship, her [illegible]

The Earl of Cardigan and Lady Cardigan Working Happily in the Garden of Their English Country Estate.

The Late Dowager Countess of Cardigan, Who Throughout Her Life Believed She Was in Communication With Her Husband, the Hero of Balaclava, in the Life Beyond the Grave.

[illegible] ascension from a cousin, the Seventh Earl of Cardigan, who led the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava in 1854 during the Crimean War, and whose name will be remembered forever as the poet immortalized the [illegible] the Valley of Death rode the six hundred.

Lady Cardigan [illegible] the strength of her name from [illegible] precisely the opposite. But she must have felt that the Cardigans [illegible] against her this time.

It was easy to see that she thought of [illegible] as she gripped a stile in the Hotel Savoy before the anniversary of her mother's suicide.

The [illegible] room clerk at the Savoy Hotel did not know that she was the Countess of Cardigan, because she merely gave her husband's family name, without mentioning the title. And when she said she had just come from South Africa, was not feeling well and did not want to be disturbed, he asked no questions. That is how she was able to remain unseen in her room for three days, fighting her last fight alone, while her husband and the metropolitan police were searching for her.

Everything that was found in her room, and all the evidence brought out at the inquest, indicate that her last fight was desperate and pathetic. According to the management, from the time she went to her suite Thursday afternoon until Saturday morning, she spoke to no one except to order briefly over the telephone, and called out through the locked bedroom door to the waiter to leave it in her sitting room.

Saturday morning the manager said he became alarmed because she hadn't eaten anything, but kept on ordering brandy, so he sent the house physician up to speak to her.

When the doctor spoke to her through the locked door, asking her how she felt, she answered him coherently.

"I'm quite all right," she said, "but I've taken something and I want to sleep. I don't want to be disturbed."

No one knows how she spent the afternoon, or what passed through her mind, but there is no doubt about what she did about 7:30. About that time, she telephoned down for some soup and toast and a brandy and soda, which were left for her in her sitting room. She did not touch the soup and toast, but drank the brandy, which failed to help her to go to sleep, as she had evidently hoped that it would. All afternoon she must have been trying to go to sleep, so she could safely pass through the crisis and on into the next day, when the danger would be past. This is shown by a half empty bottle of sleeping tablets found in her handbag.

After drinking the brandy, and finding that it did not bring her any closer to the forgetfulness she so much wanted, she must have finally decided that she had made a mistake in picking this room for a battleground, in that place death had all of the advantages.

So, as a last resort, she seems to have concluded that her only chance now lay in going out and mingling with people who knew her people who would laugh uproariously at her half hysterical remarks and divert her by coming back with sallies equally silly.

With feverish haste, she dressed herself in a pink satin evening gown and put on her jewels, a rope of pearls around her neck and bracelets on her wrists.

But she was almost too weak to walk to the elevator, she needed something to give her strength, and forgetting the soup and toast in the other room, she must have reached for a box of tea biscuits on the table beside her bed. But perhaps her hand trembled, causing her to drop the box, and that may have driven her into a frenzy. At any rate, the box of biscuits was found on the floor, the crackers ground to a [illegible] pounder by her heels. Evidently she then thought of pandering her face before going down to the street, she could not let anyone see her looking like this. But when she started fumbling through her toilet articles, she seems to have run across one of those small safety razors that ladies sometimes use.

It looked like a toy, but the blade was sharp, sharp enough to slash her wrists and make the blood spurt. When she saw what she had done she ran to the bed and flung herself headlong upon it, for blood was found on the pillow and the counterpane, showing that she lay there for some time.

But death was in no hurry. He was sure of his victim, and like he was taunting her, like a cat with a mouse. So she leaped from the bed and for a few moments she seems to have been completely irrational. She seized an empty brandy bottle and smashed it against the wall, following it with a water carafe, which also shattered into fragments. One of these, about half an inch square, she caught up and swallowed, perhaps thinking this would make death hasten. But it didn't, and a few minutes later she grew calmer calm enough to write two brief, blood-stained notes, one telling where to get in touch with her husband, and the other to the hotel management, saying she was sorry.

Then she picked up a photograph of her youngest son, walked over to a window, opened it and jumped out, falling seven stories to a courtyard. Some

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The young Earl was an undergraduate at Oxford University when he first met his future wife, who was Miss Joan Houlton Salter, the daughter of an architect who came from the Isle of Wight, where her grandfather is still living, an aged recluse, over a hundred years old. The young Earl was attracted to her as Mr. Carnegie, and it was not until they had become engaged and went to get a marriage license that she discovered he was a nobleman, and the son and heir of the wealthy Marquis of Ailsbury. For six months they kept the marriage a secret, for fear that his father might object to her getting married so young, and when the news did leak out they had a second ceremony performed at St. Mark's in London.

In the Countess family there was what has been described as a neurotic strain, a tendency to brood over things that were more imaginary than real, but this seems to have given her no trouble at all during the early years of her married life.

It may be that this neurotic tendency was heightened by stories she heard of a former Countess of Cardigan, the wife of the Earl who led the "Charge of the Light Brigade." This old Countess wrote a book which shocked all the proper people of her era, and in it she told of the ghost of a nun that haunted Deene Castle, where she lived. She also told of finding the bones of children under the floors at Deene, and she frequently told [illegible]

Posed As Her Twin Brother In The Trenches

YVONNE DELBLAT was always a tomboy, but when she was a little girl she was encouraged in this because they made such a handsome pair, she and her twin brother, Yvon, walking along dressed just alike. The golden-haired girl's greatest pride was when, as a child, she was given a military suit just like her brother's to wear. Together they would play at war.

Yvon and Yvonne were alike to such an extent that as children they had great fun in dressing in boys' clothes and bewildering strangers in the street by going in the door of one house and coming out of another at almost the same instant.

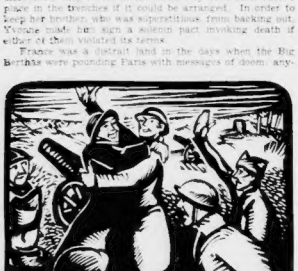
But years later, when Yvon was a blond young man attending the University of Sorbonne in Paris, the war broke, and the fun was over. He was glad when his class was called and he was able to enter the war, but for the first time his sister cried.

They had always shared everything, and now he was going off to fight, while she must stay at home and play the hated part of a girl. Yvon entered training, but he still was his sister at spare moments. As the days went by, however, she could no longer stand the thought of being left behind. Yvonne demanded to go along.

Her brother tried to show her how impossible this was, but she was determined to find a way. It is not easy for twins to refuse each other's requests, and as a matter of fact, Yvonne had always dominated her brother. Nor was her will the only forceful and masculine thing about her. In the opinion of the family doctor she had the physical mask of a girl, but her personality and way of thinking were that of a boy.

At last the Delblat twins decided to share war as they had shared peace. They agreed to take turns in reporting for training service, and providing the imposture was not discovered, they would in the same way take each other's place in the trenches if it could be arranged. In order to keep her brother, who was superstitious, from backing out, Yvonne made him sign a solemn pact invoking death if either of them violated its terms.

France was a distraught land in the days when the Big Berthas were pounding Paris with messages of doom, anything could happen in that confusion. It is not known how the twins managed to take each other's places at the front, for Yvonne still chooses not to tell. Perhaps an explanation would involve somebody else who aided them. Perhaps not.



It Was as if She Had Come Back From the Dead. She Was Kimberwith Embraced by Her Comrades, None of Whom Dreamed That He Was Hugging a Girl.

But as they used to fool people by popping in and out of doors looking alike when they were young, now they managed to trick the French War Department. It worked so well that both were delighted with an arrangement that gave them A. W. O. L. opportunities which couldn't be found out. They were able to choose their own time for going and did not have to wait for official red tape.

They could extend their leaves even at a time when the army is stopping them altogether. But best of all, at least for Yvonne, was that she was able to be a "man" and do manly things. Meanwhile, the family thought she was a war nurse.

It is another remarkable fact that both were wounded several times without their deceit having been disclosed. In view of the serious nature of Yvonne's wounds, the French government now believes that at least one hospital surgeon, aware of the fact that she was no man, spared her from exposure out of sympathy and admiration.

In the summer of 1915, however, Yvon got word that there would be some particularly dangerous work for his battalion, and so, unwilling to let his sister face almost certain death, he failed for the first time to keep the rendezvous at which Yvonne was to take his place.

The girl was bitterly disappointed and her brother, as if in fulfillment of the pact that called for death if it were broken, was reported as having been killed in action. Some weeks later, however, his sister reported for duty with a well-contrived story about having been captured by the Germans and put in an internment camp from which she said she escaped in civilian clothes.

It was as if she had come back from the dead, and so she was exuberantly embraced by her companions who did not dream they were hugging a girl. In this way did Yvonne carry on for her brother, but just a few weeks before the war ended, she was badly wounded and had to undergo amputation.

As a result she was qualified to receive a three-quarter disability pension, which she has been receiving for these many years. Only now has the news of her deception come out, and even now it would not be known except that there was a change in the pension personnel. A new, over-conscientious official, eager for recognition from his superiors, reported that Yvonne might have been a soldier, but she never was a man.

Regulations are such that the government has been forced to withdraw Yvonne's pension, on the grounds that her position in the army was based on fraud. Yet the discovery of her fantastic trick, if her sacrifice can be called a trick, has not been altogether unhappy.

The admiration and compassion which the crippled, tired woman has excited among the officials caused them to violate the French reputation for frugality so much that they raised a collection of money sufficient to give her comforts that the pension never made possible, for Yvonne is now the sole support of her old and feeble parents.

There is also a chance that the authorities will stretch a point and continue Yvonne's pension for life in reward for the valor of the twins. But if that happens, she will no longer be masquerading as the man who was her brother, she will be an "ex-service man" in her own right.

Scientific Sleuths Tracing Mystic Causes Of Odd Ailments

SUCH ailments as asthma, nasal inflammation, rheumatism, itching, eczema and nervous headaches are quite likely to be the result of a person's intolerance of some food or substance.

Science defines allergic as being "a condition of unusual or exaggerated specific susceptibility to a substance which is harmless in similar amounts for the majority of members of the same species." In plain English, this means that some folks are made sick by things that don't affect others.

So many persons asked A. A. Janson, of the North Shore Clinical Laboratory at Evanston, Ill., what causes allergy most often, that he decided to find out. Janson's review of 300 documented cases of it, as recently reported in the Illinois Medical Journal, is little short of startling. He points out, however, that the results are not so much final as indicative in the study of allergy, about which enough is not yet known.

First he makes it clear that allergy is not in itself a disease. It is a personal susceptibility which allows one to get sick from consuming, or being in contact with, certain things. There seem to be countless substances to which some persons or others are hypersensitive, and it is only recently that science has found this out. But now that it knows it can often tell in a few hours which of the many possibilities is the right one, then the offending item is removed from the person's life and everything is fine.

The Illness of Our Child Remained a Complete Mystery Until the Astonishing Discovery Was Made That She Could Not Recuperate While There Were Feathers in Her Pillow.

Of the 300 persons treated in Janson's survey, 248 were cured in the following way. Samples of various proteins, or substances known to be chronic offenders in allergy cases are applied in rows on the patient's back. Each test is spaced from the one next to it, so that the inflammation will plainly belong to it should there be any. It is just like planting many seeds to see which one will sprout. Whichever area do determine the specific allergy of that person. More than seventy pollens can be tested on a back at the same time. There are 400 proteins, but only forty of them get frequent sensitivity reactions.

Thirty of these were food substances, four were pollens, three were kinds of feathers and the rest were miscellaneous. The cases reported by Janson disclose how incomprehensible conditions have been cleared up by the allergy test and prove that the discovery is more than just another fad.

One child was kept in bed for a year because she suffered from an unexplained fever. At last allergy tests showed that the child had a constitutional antipathy to feathers. She was made more and more sick the longer she stayed in bed, because by staying in bed she lay on a feather pillow.

One boy had an almost continuous and cruel headache which tormented him for fifteen years. Doctors could do nothing with him, his eyes were tested, but glasses didn't help. Finally it was discovered that an allergy test and it was found that he was allergic to his favorite food, potatoes. As soon as he stopped eating them his headache vanished.

One child had chronic eczema and this was cleared up by making her wear cotton stockings and underwear, for it was found that she was allergic to wool. A woman who had violent attacks of sneezing was discovered to be sensitive to fox fur. Whenever she wore the fur she sneezed, yet she never connected the two. She gave away the furs and ended the sneezing.

One man suffered severe attacks of asthma and couldn't understand it, as well he might, under the circumstances. He lived in New York and his firm sent him to Texas to recover. It seemed to work for the attacks left him. When his employers learned of this they made a job for him in Texas, and his family moved to join him.

Soon after this the asthma came back. Then he went to California alone and the trouble was cured — and so again encouraged, he sent for his family. From the day they arrived the asthma returned. The man then tried Arizona, with the same results; alone he felt fine, but apparently his family made him sick. Worried by this state of affairs he had more than one allergy test taken, but when he visited the Illinois clinic it was found that his previous tests had not been complete.

A complete series was applied to him and it was found that he was strongly sensitive to cat's hair. Everything was then cleared up, for it turned out that each time his family joined him it took along a gorgeous Angora cat. When the cat came so did his asthma, and so, in the same way, when she was banished for all time the asthma vanished with her.

But sometimes even the results of the test call for real detective work, and this is so when a person is sensitive to a number of things but feels no pain unless they all happen to come together. One young lady was sensitive to horse hair, cat hair, milk and pork. Yet she was fond of riding horses, drank milk now and then, and drank milk without getting sick. One day she went riding but stopped on her way back for a ham sandwich and a glass of milk. After she rode the horse to the stable she petted a cat. As a result she had a severe attack of urticaria, an itching ailment, and a blood ailment called angioneurotic edema.

Found that's good for you: food one favors, pillows and pets all are suspects. But the answer to Janson's self-set problem proved to be that the greatest number of sufferers are allergic to tuna fish. Nearly half the patients showed positive reactions to the food. Achievers came second with ninety-two persons sensitive to it.

No fewer than sixty individuals, most of them children, reacted violently to spinach. In other words, the study reveals, Mama doesn't always know what's best for the child. Mushrooms, which have no food value anyway, were found by Janson to have caused thirty-three persons recent suffering.

Chicken and turkey, it was found, are more harmful than meats in general, despite a popular impression to the contrary. Fifty-seven patients were allergic to chicken, only fifty-four to mutton, and only twelve to thirty patients. A person may be able to chicken and chicken feathers at the same time, but hardly ever to both chicken and egg.

In the days when allergy was still more or less an unknown quantity, it was supposed that the citrus fruits were particularly dangerous allergy producers. This belief persists, but the study by Janson shows that the fruits are much less to be feared than, for instance the tomato. He points out that "the tomato was found guilty in 68 cases, as compared with grapefruit, lemon and orange in 49, 41 and 46 cases respectively."

How refined this personal intolerance for things can be is shown by the record of those who are allergic to feathers. More persons were upset by some feathers than by duck feathers, but more persons still were sensitive to the feathers of chickens.

Face powder is a frequent offender. Rice and orris root, which form the base for many face powders, gave positive reactions in fifty-four and forty cases, respectively.

Of things that are usually considered harmless, and are overlooked of the public, but home dust also was found to affect every sixth person. Allergy seems to prove that nobody is entirely healthy, some people are less sick than others.

Legal To Coerce Son Into Jilting Girl

THE triumph of Eve in the Garden of Eden was that, for better or worse, she had "got her man" Adam, against all odds. Perhaps that is why, when a young man won't marry a girl because of his father's hostility, it is the most shameful kind of jilting that can happen to a girl. By letting a father alienate a sweetheart she has failed to uphold the earliest tradition of her sex.

Recently a twenty-three-old Scotswoman, Miss Catherine Findlay, sought balm for such a wound by suing the father of her sweetheart for $2,500. She said that he had alienated the affections of his twenty-year-old son from her. The comely girl asserted that she was principal assistant in a large outfitter's establishment in Falkirk, when in anticipation of marriage she gave up her job.

She felt free to do this according to her testimony, because the young man, Peter Blaylock, was extremely fond of her and repeatedly asked her to marry him, until finally she consented. A sudden shock came, said Miss Findlay, when his father, William Blaylock, who had agreed to the marriage in the early stages, suddenly changed his mind.

Overnight she became, not the admired bride of a respectable young man, but a slightly ridiculous young woman left in the lurch. The decision to her court suit set a remarkable precedent, for Judge Normand, when the case recently came before the Court of Sessions at Edinburgh, decided that it is altogether legal for a father to exert pressure, both moral and financial, to get his son to break a promise of marriage.

In Britain they do things differently; justice is not quite self-balled, and so Miss Findlay's pretty ankle and the soft in her throat won't, for nothing at court. The judge decided that it is no less than a father's duty, particularly so if the son is a minor, to consider whether a proposed marriage is in his son's best interest.

The decision read that "if a father decides to dissuade his son from entering into a proposed marriage, it should be reasonably presumed that his dissuasion was brought to bear in the exercise of his parental duty to guide his son in a matter of such vital importance to his happiness."

To be sure, the judge played safe and did not lay down any too clearly defined rule as to how far a father's influence may go to remain within the law, for this might be used in support of any broken inviting another is from of contract. But the circumstances of the case seem to indicate that a good deal of pressure may be exerted by the father.

Peter had been working as a motor driver for his father, who owns a fleet of cabs. In fact, that was how the youth fell part and one day. It was dazzling when Miss Findlay left her store one evening and Peter gave her a lift.

According to Miss Findlay's suit, William Blaylock was not satisfied in telling his son not to marry the girl, but he also fired the boy from his only means of support for violating the paternal wishes.

The girl and the boy met in 1933, and soon were "steady." They agreed not to get married until Peter would be older, but a year ago January they decided on March 8 as the wedding date. Together they went to the minister and session clerk at Laurieston West Church to take care of all the formalities.

Then Peter broke the news to his family, and they, according to Miss Findlay, gave their blessing to the match. Friends learned the news and the presents began to arrive in large numbers at the home of the bride-to-be.

But on March 2, a week before the wedding was to have taken place, Miss Findlay's father is supposed to have received a letter from William Blaylock, forbidding the marriage and pointing out that Peter was still under age. The boy's father said in court that he had not heard about the marriage until the day he wrote the letter. To disprove this the girl said the boy had already been fired from his job a few days before.

The letter from Peter's father ignored any sincere romance that might have existed and stated that it grieved him that such a match was planned without any previous permission or knowledge. Judge Blaylock's writer explained this letter by saying that he wrote it at a time when he was furious that his wishes had not been consulted.

Actually, he said, his son had changed his mind by himself, because there was no further interference. It is interesting, however, that Judge Normand rejected this defense and insisted that even if the father had interfered, that would have been his right.

Blaylock senior also said he had fired his son from his job "not out of spite" but because he acted against his will but because the work was not being completely done. This argument also was waived aside by the opinion of Judge Normand as being needless.

When Peter left town without a word, however, Miss Findlay decided that it was the father's fault. She declared that Mr. Blaylock wrongfully and maliciously and without reasonable or probable cause used his position as father and employer of Peter to incite and coerce the son to break off with her.

Her claim for damages was refused first by the Sheriff, Substitute at Falkirk, and when she appealed, the decision by Judge Normand again dismissed the case on the grounds that it was irrelevant. There was, after all, he said, no proof that the father was moved by any spirit of malice in his attitude toward Miss Findlay.

Neither did any consideration of equality have a thing to do with the case, although the girl went to some lengths to prove that Peter's family was no better than her own, and that their social position made them equals.

The Father Was Not Satisfied with Ordering the Boy Not to See His Girl. He Went Farther and Discharged the Youth Who Was Working as a Truck Driver.

More Punishment For The Jury Than For The Prisoners

THE red tape of French legal procedure has been reduced to its final absurdity in a mathematical exhibition of "justice" such as the world has never seen. It is the law in France that the jury must consider carefully all questions put to it by the judges, and, in theory this is desirable because the juryman then has to listen carefully to the proceedings and must prove by his answers that he knows what it is all about.

But the number of questions put to the jury has gradually been increased almost in reverse ratio to the importance of the case. It was remarkable enough when the jury was asked to answer no fewer than 1,950 questions in the Stavisky case, but at least that trial was important politically.

Now three men have been charged with forging and distributing worthless shares of stock involving, at the most, $25,000. The judges before whom the case has been tried have drawn up 21,642 questions for the Paris jury to answer. These queries, which took the judges weeks to consider, are printed on nearly six thousand foolscap sheets and make a volume that is two feet thick.

The Stavisky jury needed all of a day and a night to come to a decision on the questions put to them, and in proportion the jury in the present case will have to spend a month deliberating. This is hardly to their liking, for most of them are busy people, drafted from the pressure of their occupations to deliberate a case in which they do not have the least interest.

They are put behind locked doors like prisoners to try the very men who have been sunning themselves on bail until the trial. The jurors are in a real sense in jail, for they are not allowed to get in touch with the outside world or guide their business until their duties are over. For all they know, their business may go to pieces while they are shut away.

The foreman of the jury has to read out each question which is then discussed, just the way it would be in a class room. But some of those summoned never went to a Lycee which leas a University, and don't know anything about "true-and-false examination papers." As a result, never having been accustomed to seats with more than a few dozen questions they are altogether confused when confronted by so many thousands of problems.

It is said that some Frenchmen try to solve the predicament by answering "yes" and "no" alternatingly, while others stick to one answer for all the questions. Most of them, of course, fall in line with the rest so as to get it over with, and this can hardly be said to be in the best interests of justice.

At last all the questions are answered, and the jury solemnly files back into court. The verdict is asked and the foreman gets up to give it, but his chore has only begun. He is not allowed to average the answers and come to a total verdict, that is left to the judges.

The foreman has to read each and every question out loud and answer it in turn for as many hours as it takes to speak out 21,642 complicated legal inquiries. When at last he sits down, his duties over, he is an exhausted man.

Aside from the expense of the trial, said to be ten times the amount alleged to have been embezzled, the trouble to which it puts those called upon to serve as jurors is expected to have serious repercussions. An aroused press is demanding a reform of the legal system which makes a mountain of questions out of a molehill offense.

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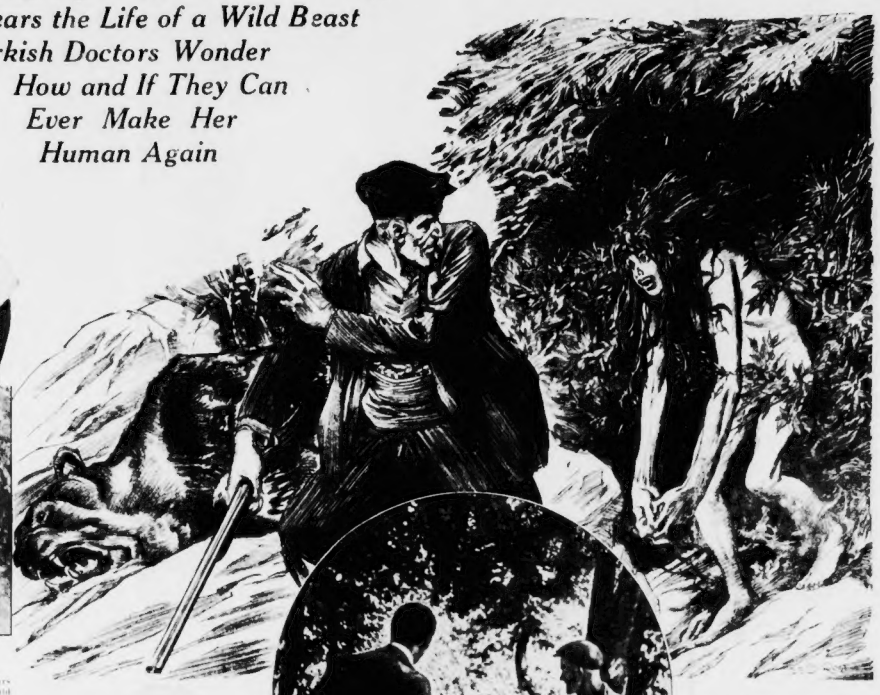
Raised by a She-Bear That Stole Her When a Baby

Like Little Mowgli, of Kipling's Most Famous Story, She Lived for Eight Years the Life of a Wild Beast and Now the Turkish Doctors Wonder How and If They Can Ever Make Her Human Again

Little Hotskaar Tamasha, as He Appeared When Found Two Years Ago in the Sassabun Jungle, Having Lived Since Babyhood With Wild Beasts, and as He Appears Today, a Civilized Boy. The Turkish Doctors Rise Their Hopes of Humanizing the Bear-girl on the Success Demonstrated in The Case of the Tamasha Boy.



As Ali Osman Approached the Lady of the Bear He Had Shan's Should Cry Halted Him and Out of the Thicket Crept a Slim, Naked, Long-Haired Creature, Eyes Burning and Savage, Whom at First He Thought a Wood Spirit—But When She Threw Herself Upon Him, Clutching at His Eyes and Biting at His Throat, He Knew It Was Human.

Ali Osman, Who Captured and Subdued the Bear-girl.

CABLE dispatches from Istanbul in January recently reported the strange story of the capture by hunters in a remote old girl in a bear's den near Mount Olympus. There was evidence that she had been reared by a huge she-bear and carried off from a cub when she was a baby. It added that modern science was to study this extraordinary occurrence. The American Weekly assigned its reporter in Istanbul to investigate. He has accomplished that task. His story follows:

By GEORGE E. MARANZ,
American Weekly Reporter in Istanbul.

"T

Discovery of this girl who had lived the life of an animal naturally caused some interest and stir in Turkey, but an item the world and particularly in Hungary and Germany long ago became the bear-boy and fourth-grade in the same manner as the Sassabun found the bear-girl.

The question on the examining board, as then, now is finally to determine the bear-girl. Does the similar case of the boy found in the Bassassone jungle in the Caucasus twenty years ago? Does this child, recently abandoned in the Stanboon forest when a baby, managed to survive among the beasts until he was eight years old. He was found by hunting dogs and taken back to civilization, continued for a time to display all the characteristics of an animal. Then he was placed in San Salvador's Rafael Landon school, graduated Horatio Academy, Tamasha, and gained. Since then he has been completely normalized and is intelligent, gentle and healthy. The doctors at Bakirkey Hospital hope to be an equally high little girl patient.

I had some difficulty making my way into the Bakirkey building to see the bear-girl, because the staff had strict orders to refuse admittance to newspaper men and strove all to prevent anyone from seeing or approaching the strange girl. At last I reached a side room, where the doctors were engaged in a consultation. Through the open door I could see the bear-girl, pitiful creature, sitting naked at the tattooed witnesses. Some were could not get to the windows were seated on the floor batting.

Suddenly I caught sight of the bear-girl. She was sitting apart from the other children. Her head drooped, and she crouched in a strangely animal-like way. Her hair was dark and long, and fell over her forehead.

I shall never forget her eyes. They were the eyes of a person in despair, of one longing for the return of the [illegible] and distraction. She was dressed in a [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

How Unhappiness Drives People to Follow Peculiar Hobbies

Professor Laird Explains Why Grown Men and Women Take Up Childlike Pastimes as "Safety-Valves" Against Nervous Breakdowns---Collecting Fancy Dolls, Playing With Tin Soldiers and Toy Trains, or Earnestly Piling a Tower of Matches on the Mouth of a Beer Bottle

H. G. Wells, the Famous English Novelist and Historian, Playing His Elaborate War Game With Tin Soldiers, Forts, and Cannon That Shoot Wooden Pegs. Dr. Laird Says Such Relaxation Is an Effort to Escape From the Emotional Problems of Adult Life by a Temporary Return to the Simple Pleasures of Childhood.

Dr. Thomas H. Staggers Proudly Piling the 3,345th Match on His Beer Bottle Tower. This Takes a Special Sort of Skill That Acts as a Tonic to Tired Nerves and Has Nothing Whatever to Do With Unhappiness.

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D., Sc.D.,
Director, Colgate University Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, N. Y.

After a Hard Day at the Office, Some Men Relieve Their Tense Nerves by Working on Models Such as This Remarkable Little Electric Engine, Which Can Be Held in One Hand.

THE most unhappy thing in the world is to meet persons who take some enthusiasm in women over seventy, young men and their own peculiar hobbies and drag out and exhibit a collection of tattered antique spoons, doll rags, or bits of bone and bones an assortment of unclassifiable junk, of whatever the hobby may center about. Why a person should allow himself to become so wrapped up in useless junk and money are thrown into worse and sometimes very shameful contrivances—possibly even on the street corner—is a psychological problem which is more or less my business to study, at least poor judgment if not pervade a state of unhappiness.

Psychologists in recent years have come to see and understand many peculiar reasons about why people take up such and such moment hobbies which often become the outstanding interest of their lives. And their self-explanations are that these peculiar phenomena in many instances are evidence of a deep-seated unhappiness of dissatisfaction, with what one is getting out of life, of personal maladjustment or of not making as big a success in the world as one had hoped to make.

In numerous instances these unsatisfactorinesses are merely adult's mental disorder. For example, the person who "runs away" from his married life, and perhaps urged by their parents, to marry a man for whom they do not care much, find a way out of their profound unhappiness by a hobby by which is the mild psychological parallel of the strange delusions

Unhappy Wives Often Collect Dolls to Keep From Brooding—And Gangsters "Molls" Frequently Decorate Their Beds With Gangling Manikins, Which Shows They Would Rather Be Conventional Wives and Mothers.

noted. Consider, for instance, Queen Marie of Rumania. She was led to the altar to marry a man for whom she cared not the least bit, but it was a "successful" diplomatic marriage which was arranged entirely by her parents. But attractive Queen Marie had too much spunk and self-determination to brood over her misfortunes and develop erratic ideas. The safety-valve she found for getting around this serious difficulty in her life was to develop the strange hobby of collecting dolls. Her collection of 2,500 dolls of all sizes, nationalities and ages is real and tangible. If she merely imagined she had them, then she would obviously be out of her mind. The distinction between such a hobby and a disordered mind is, of course, a matter of degree.

There are thousands of women in a similar predicament, although possibly not such a severe one. These unfortunate grown-up women who are under the influence of some gangster—the gun-molls—almost always have a flair for decorating their bed or comfortable chair with a gangling doll, a telltale sign that in spite of the excitement and the free and easy life of luxury they would rather be conventional wives and mothers.

The doll collecting hobby is so extensive, in fact, that some dealers make a good living selling unusual dolls to be added to private collections. Mrs. Frank Robbins, of 2555 Grand Concourse, the Bronx, New York City, specializes in catering to the wants of those folk who are impelled to concentrate their spare moments and spare dollars on collecting dolls. I have in mind a good customer for Mrs. Robbins. I do not know if they have had any business transactions, but the wife of a professor in a Western medical college has collected some 1,500 dolls since 1923. Her dolls range in size from the mammy of them all who is three feet tall to a tiny China doll which can be set on an ordinary postage stamp.

It is not so strange as might seem at first that psychiatrists in treating mental patients often try to get the disordered person to develop some hobby to give them in a more desirable form the happiness they are trying to obtain in their fanciful and insane delusions. In a sense a peculiar hobby is almost a desirable form of mental disorder.

"Where a mental disease has already developed," says Dr. David Ruslander of the Buffalo State Hospital, "psychiatrists often use a hobby formerly possessed by the patient as a fulcrum to pry the patient away from his abnormal adjustment and with the indispensable help of the occupational therapist the patient is won back to normal health."

Dr. Ruslander reports the case of an 18-year-old boy who "was considered a poor mixer, preferred to spend hours making small toys in his shop in the cellar. Soon he became depressed, refused to talk and eat. His actions became slow and retarded. On his admission to the hospital he confirmed his refusal to eat, necessitating spoon feedings and tube feedings."

This mental patient made no improvement until it was decided to get him started again on making his small toys. "Almost immediately the patient showed a remarkable change," it was reported. Soon he became alert, cheerful, and spoke intelligently, whereas previously he had remained mute."

Besides being a safety valve for repressed emotions there are two other important and usually hidden reasons for persons becoming completely wrapped up in some pointless hobby. Both of these other reasons also originate from human unhappiness, giving us the depressing conclusion that these folk who seem to be so happy in their hobby are at heart thoroughly unhappy individuals who get but a brief glimmer of sunshine in their strange spare-moment hobby.

One of these reasons is that hobbies are with some persons a sign of regression to childhood. These are the people who find adult life a little too complex for to be enjoyable and who look back to their childhood as being happier, so they take up again some of the things they did in childhood, becoming a boy or a girl again mentally when they are working with their hobby. It is perfectly normal, for instance, according to Dr. M. T. Whitley and other researchers, for young people from 10 to 15 years of age to make collections of marbles, campaign buttons, postage stamps, match boxes, or what not. When people who are twenty-eight or fifty-eight make similar collections, although a greater scale, it suggests either arrested development or regression to childhood. Usually people grow out of these childish activities and become all more keenly interested in some emotional crisis or other, or else life is not going as smoothly as they would like to have it.

We can gain some idea of how many persons are likely to break out in a childish hobby under some emotional strain from the statement of the distinguished psychiatrist of Johns Hopkins University, Dr. Stewart Paton, who says: "At least three-fourths of the population of the United States are have been or will be before they die subjects of emotional disorders of sufficient intensity to attract public attention."

Now we can understand why, early in the World War, the famous writer and historian, H. G. Wells, developed the hobby of playing with tin soldiers, using the entire floor of a large room and using toy houses and barns and trees to lay out the ale of his war. It realistic fashion.

A third important reason why people choose to give exaggerated attention to a hobby of some sort is due to the growth of specialized work in our industrial civilization. The jobs many persons have give them little chance for variety, to do what they really want to do or to gain recognition so they spontaneously take to some hobby to achieve these. In other words, they are unhappy over their daily job, so they turn to some hobby to yield some vicarious zest for life.

So we find that a vice-president of a powerful New York National Bank is inordinately addicted to playing with toy train systems in his spare moments. Possibly he would have been happier in the menial analyst suspects, if he had been a railroad engineer. Another banker who was recently described in The American Weekly, Harper Joy, of Spokane, Washington, has the hobby of dressing and painting up and entertaining children as a clown, perhaps he should have been a clown rather than a banker. Another banker, who possibly should have been a college professor, is addicted to stone mason, if George A. Hazen, president of a bank in Minnesota, his hobby is building a thick stone fence for not only and which already runs 320 feet long, using stones which he gets up in the mountains.

But it is extremely difficult to guess what occupations should have been followed by H. R. Kaufman, a retired of Iowa, whose hobby was collecting barbed wire.

Closely related are "inner influences" where the hobbyist practices rigidously to acquire some rare and usually useless skill. A Cleveland dentist, Dr. Thomas H. Staggers, for example, carefully matched piling matches on top of the mouth of a beer bottle, until on Thanksgiving night he reached his record of a total of 3,345 old-fashioned kitchen matches stacked as an inverted pyramid atop of an emptied beer bottle. I can't guess whether emptying the beer bottle made his nerves steadier, but a few days later, John Frearis, a shoemaker, of Cleveland, Ohio, claimed to have beaten Dr. Staggers' record by piling 5,200 matches on top of another bottle. So you see it is hard to take up a hobby which you feel no one else has started, or one in which someone else will not claim to be much better than you.

That is why Dr. Laurence F. Shaffer, of Carnegie Institute of Technology, who has studied hobbies from their usefulness in mental hygiene, says: "Skill at some relatively uncommon game such as ping-pong, has been developed to such a high degree that the individual in question is able to defeat all comers.

"In all compensations of this type," Dr. Shaffer continues, "the peculiar

When His Responsibilities as a Banker Become Too Much of a Strain, Harper Joy, of Spokane, Washington, Goes on the Road as a Circus Clown.

ability is greatly overvalued. The individual rationalizes to persuade himself and others of its importance and usually also takes a depreciatory attitude toward other and a real accomplishments. The possession of stamps, coins, antiques, pictures and other objects frequently collected gives tension reduction, like the feeling of substitute achievement and of social recognition. Not all collections serve as mechanisms, but when the field of endeavor is an unusually one, and the achievement is excessively valued, the operation of compensation is probable."

So perhaps pointless hobbies are good for people after all, perhaps they are necessary. More depends in answering this question upon the person than upon the hobby.

But to be fair, the University of Minnesota's Professor Wendell White has pointed out that hobbies "may constitute an unwise expenditure of energy. When an individual engages in a hobby to the extent that he neglects qualifying himself for work, he is acting unwisely. To forego developing oneself for a career in favor of a hobby is a sign of weakness because it generally means that the easier course leading to less possible satisfaction is being pursued."

Even so, the ardent pursuer of some strange hobby is often likely to be a bore once he gets started on his collection or activity. The only way to shut him off is to tell him you know someone who is vastly better at the hobby.

There are, of course, many stamp, coin and book collectors who make their hobbies a profitable business. Also a hobby often makes one more efficient at his regular job by taking his mind off of perplexing problems for a while. Mrs. Catherine L. Manning, first woman curator of the stamp collecting department of the Smithsonian Institution, believes this is particularly true of stamp collecting.

"Some people hope to make money by collecting stamps," she said. "Others are interested in the romance and history behind them, or the history of printing and the progress of government, as shown by stamps. But perhaps the most important reason for stamp collecting is that this hobby provides a perfect relaxation. Once the stamps are brought out, all tenseness fades."

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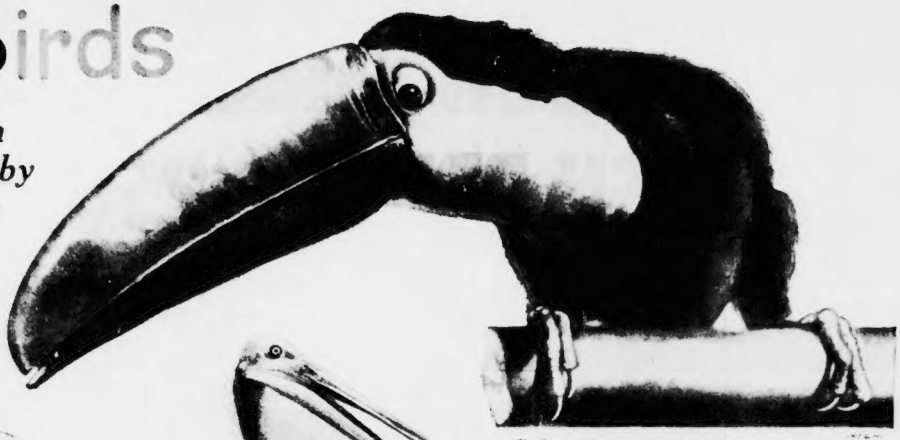
Queer Birds

Remarkably Human Expressions Caught by the Camera Among Birddom's Oddities ---and Some Possible Interpretations



The Toucan, "For Pete's sake, what's eating you? Have you lost your last friend?"

The Adjutant Stork: "Worse than that—I lost my job. I'm one of the fastest storks in the business, but production's fallen so low nobody wants me any more."

The Pelican: "He ought to go to Canada. I hear the storks are getting a lot of rush orders up there."

The Shoebill Stork: "Aw, that guy doesn't want to work. Look at him, he's pulling a sit-down strike."

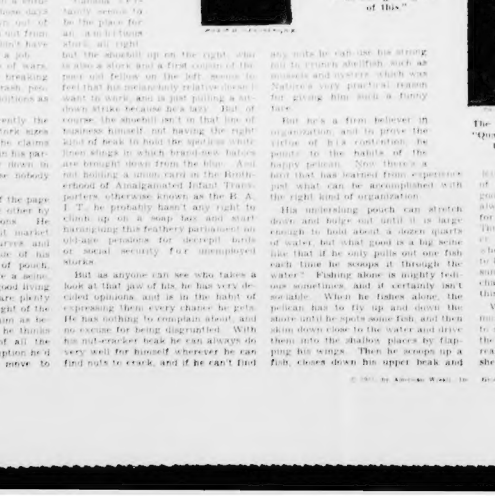
The Osprey Fish-Hawk: "It's bad enough to have to look at you birds without listening to you jabber—so I'm getting out of this."

The Ducks Turning Up Their Tails: "Quack, Quack! There's what we think of it. Let's duck out."

THE Toucan just Chances once more a point. The Parliament of Fools continues on. The Parliament of Birds. Here a another parliament of noisiest, most, and some of them certainly look as if they're just trying to be funny when the

while she sits on the eggs he stays by her side, ready to use his beak any time as a front door. He has goggle eyes so he can see everything that goes on outside and just let a hungry snake or some gliding army and pass boldly across the door in its face by shoving his handsome whiskers into the hole in the hollow tree.

But her work starts in nearly undesired how he put down and out. His present dejection is just a matter of injured pride. For a long time he has been giving his valuable services to mankind for nothing a sort of free and in return for these services, and time when



The Osprey Fish-Hawk: "It's bad enough to have to look at you birds without listening to you jabber—so I'm getting out of this."

The Ducks Turning Up Their Tails: "Quack, Quack! There's what we think of it. Let's duck out."

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A QUARTER MILLION DOLLARS IN CASH PRIZES ($250,000.00)

You can win $100,000.00 1st prize

OLD GOLD'S NEW CONTEST STARTS TODAY!

GET RICH FOR LIFE! WIN $100,000.00

WE WILL pay a quarter of a million dollars to those who enter the NEW Old Gold Contest and win prizes in accordance with the rules. First Prize will be $100,000.00; Second Prize, $50,000.00; Third Prize, $25,000.00.

You can win a fortune in this contest *without laborious mental effort*. This is a truly delightful contest that gives every man and woman an equal opportunity. *Neither higher education nor specialized talent is at all necessary.*

You provide the missing conversation for the blank balloons in a group of 45 interesting cartoons that comprise this contest. The points you'll win by writing these missing conversations you will find suggested below each cartoon.

This new $250,000.00 contest is Old Gold's response to the request of its thousands of friends among America's true contest lovers. Complying with the overwhelming demands of those who participated in the previous contest, Old Gold today announces an even greater contest, with bigger prizes, and an idea that is different and, if possible, even more fascinating than that of the last contest.

This new contest will be conducted exactly like the previous contest—with the same faithful attention to every detail that safeguards the interest of each and every individual contestant.

The same liberal spirit prevails. Obviously we hope to win thousands of new smokers and thousands of new friends for Old Golds. But—you do not need to make a purchase in order to enter. While the rules require that three Old Gold yellow package wrappers be sent out with each Series of statements, we will cheerfully accept your own hand-drawn facsimiles of the Old Gold yellow package wrapper.

The contest is a great friend-making enterprise. It gives you an opportunity to win a real cash fortune. It gives Double-Mellow Old Golds an opportunity to win you as another of its millions of loyal friends.

We invite you to enter this contest. Complete details, together with our cordial good wishes for your success, are included in this two-page announcement.

Sincerely,

P. LORILLARD COMPANY, Inc. *(Established 1760)*
Makers of DOUBLE-MELLOW OLD GOLD Cigarettes

THIS IS A SAMPLE CARTOON

(It is used only for the purpose of explaining how you can enter and win in this contest. Read explanation below.)

Now! Your Job is to Write Mary's Reply

HERE is what you do to win in this contest. Just study the conversation in the cartoon, and then YOU SUPPLY THE REPLY FOR THE EMPTY BALLOON.

For instance, in the SAMPLE cartoon above, Mary is being asked for advice.

Mary's reply might be:

"Old Golds. They hold their ash better. Nobody'll burn your tablecloth."

Or, Mary might say:

"Old Golds! Smokers seldom drop ashes when they smoke Old Golds!"

Mary might say:

"Get Old Golds. They're always fresh. They'll please everybody."

There are so many things that Mary could reply that it seems almost needless to give any more examples. For instance, Mary might very well make any of the following three replies:

"My choice is Old Golds. They're always fresh, always Double-Mellow."

"Get Old Golds. Their double Cellophane package keeps them wonderfully fresh."

"Either buy several brands or get Old Golds. Old Golds please everybody."

There is nothing hard about this contest. Almost anybody can think of dozens of things that Mary would reply. And it's the same with all of the Official Cartoons in this contest. Just study the picture and the conversation and supply your own, original reply for the blank balloon. That's all there is to it.

Under each of the Official Cartoons you will find suggestions to help you write the missing conversation for the empty balloon.

New Contest! Enter NOW!

$100,000.00 1st Prize
$50,000.00 2nd Prize
$25,000.00 3rd Prize

1,000 CASH PRIZES
TOTALING A QUARTER MILLION DOLLARS

Here's How You Win!

THIS NEW contest starts today.

In this new contest, you can win $100,000.00 as First Prize, $50,000.00 as Second Prize and $25,000.00 as Third Prize, or any other of a thousand cash awards.

The sample cartoon printed at the left will give you the idea of this contest. It will show you what to do to win.

Notice the Sample Cartoon at the Left

Look at the SAMPLE cartoon at the left. This SAMPLE cartoon, like all the official cartoons of the contest, has one of the conversation balloons left blank. (By a balloon, we mean the oval in which conversation is customarily printed.)

You'll note that the girl at the left in the cartoon is saying, "Say, Mary, I wonder what kind of cigarettes I should serve at my bridge party?" Then you'll notice that the balloon for the other girl's reply is blank.

The idea of the contest is for you to supply the reply, or remark, in other words, the missing conversation for the balloon that is blank.

Anybody can think of an appropriate reply that Mary might make. If you'll read the explanation below the Sample Cartoon you'll find several different kinds of replies.

For example, Mary might say: "Either buy several brands or get Old Golds. Old Golds please everybody." Or, "Old Golds. Smokers seldom drop ashes when they smoke Old Golds."

Use your own judgment. Perhaps you'll consider a "wise crack" best. Perhaps you would prefer a simple, factful statement. Just supply the words you would consider most appropriate for the empty balloon.

NOW! You're Ready to Start!

Now, if you understand the general idea of supplying the statement for each empty balloon—you are ready to start. On the page at the right you will find three official cartoons. For each cartoon, write a statement of not more than twelve words for the empty balloon. Write whatever statement you devise upon for each cartoon in the space provided on the official ENTRY FORM.

Nu tricks! No catches! NEATNESS DOES NOT COUNT IN THIS CONTEST! Before you enter this contest, read the rules and find out exactly what you are to do. Then, when you clearly understand the rules, submit your answers in accordance with them.

Send in Your Answers Each Week

Answers are to be submitted weekly in this contest. Each week for 15 weeks you send in your missing conversations for 3 cartoons. Fill in the missing conversations on the Answer Form. DO NOT SEND IN THE CARTOONS THEMSELVES.

The 3 cartoons of each week are known as a Series. The 1st Week's Series is printed on the page at the right. Mail your answers to this First Series any time between now and midnight of this coming Saturday night.

Just remember, submit your answers WEEKLY in this contest, sending in the Answer Form each week throughout the contest. This procedure is the same as in Old Gold's previous contest.

Get Cartoons FREE . . . at Cigarette Counters or Western Union Offices

You can get these cartoons free, either from your cigarette dealer or from the leading Western Union offices. The 1st to 4th Weeks' Series are now obtainable at most cigarette stands and Western Union offices in attractive Bulletin form. But you don't need to wait until you get your copy of this Bulletin. You can enroll now by sending in your answers to the 1st Week's Series of cartoons (the cartoons printed on the opposite page). On receipt of your entry from this 2-page announcement, the remaining cartoons will be mailed to you free as issued.

With each Series you will find a convenient ENTRY FORM for filling in your answers. However, any ENTRY FORM you find in a newspaper or magazine or circular is just as acceptable as any other ENTRY FORM.

Notice that there are two ENTRY FORMS included on these two pages. Use one yourself. Perhaps someone else in the family may wish to use the other ENTRY FORM. Anybody and everybody in the family can enter this contest and any person who lives in any one of the 48 states of the U. S. A. or District of Columbia is eligible to win, provided the entrant is not connected with the P. Lorillard Company, Inc., or its advertising and promotion staffs.

Enclose 3 OLD GOLD Yellow Wrappers With Each Weekly Series of Answers

Enclose 3 yellow wrappers from packages of OLD GOLDS (or 3 facsimile copies) with each of your Weekly Series of answers. This is in accordance with the Contest Rules. Address your envelope to: Old Gold Contest, P. O. Box 9, Varick Street Station, New York, N.Y.

Get Cartoon Bulletins FREE at Cigarette Stands and WESTERN UNION OFFICES

Most cigarette counters and Western Union Offices throughout the country now have available the first Four Weeks' Cartoons in Bulletin form. These Bulletins are FREE. Ask for your copy at the nearest cigarette stand or Western Union Office.

FRESH!
LOOK!
OUTER JACKET OF CELLOPHANE OPENS FROM THE BOTTOM
LOOK!!
INNER JACKET OF CELLOPHANE OPENS FROM THE TOP
Old Gold
CIGARETTES
in ANY climate
You can't buy a stale Old Gold. That extra jacket of Cellophane brings you Old Gold's prize crop tobaccos in the pink of smoking condition.

Another **ENTRY FORM** in case somebody else in the family wants to enter

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

OLD GOLD CONTEST Date_____

P. O. Box 9, Varick St. Station, New York, N. Y.

The following are my suggestions for the blank balloons in Cartoons Nos. 1, 2 and 3

No. 1_____

No. 2_____

No. 3_____

I enclose herewith 3 OLD GOLD yellow package wrappers (or 3 hand-drawn facsimiles) in accordance with the rules. (CHECK WHICH)

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (PRINT YOUR NAME)

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Submit the answers as indicated on this Official Entry Form by Midnight of next Saturday, or earlier if you choose.

PLEASE *PRINT* YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY A.W.

Old Gold's Guarantee

DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK OFFER

So supreme is our confidence in Double-Mellow OLD GOLDS that we will gladly send you TWICE the price you paid for a package if you don't like Double-Mellow OLD GOLDS better than any other cigarette.

Buy your first package of OLD GOLDS. Thrill to the flavor and richness of Double-Mellow. OLD GOLD'S exclusive Prize Crop Tobaccos, its smoking excellence doubly protected for you by two jackets of Cellophane.

After smoking the first 10 cigarettes in your first package of OLD GOLDS—if for any reason OLD GOLD is not exactly to your taste and liking, *no questions asked*, Return the remaining 10 cigarettes and the wrapper, *and we will send you twice the price you paid for the full package, plus postage.* Then, if you wish, you may continue in the contest by sending reasonably accurate hand-drawn facsimiles of the OLD GOLD wrapper.

OLD GOLD'S *New* CARTOON CONTEST STARTS TODAY (*BIGGER AND BETTER*)

You can win $50,000.00 2nd prize

Start now! Win $100,000.00. Here's how

There are three cartoons on this page. In each one there appears a conversation balloon which has been left blank.

Study the cartoon carefully. Read through the list of suggestions below the cartoon. Then write an original reply or remark of your own to fill the empty balloon, using not more than twelve words.

Write your statements on the ENTRY FORM in the lower right corner of this page. (Read carefully all suggestions on page at the left)

1st WEEK'S SERIES...Official Cartoons 1 to 3

Write the Missing Conversation for Each Cartoon. Fill in Your Answers in the Lower Right Hand Corner of This Page. DO NOT SEND IN THE CARTOONS. Send only the Entry Form.

CARTOON No. 1

WHAT WILL THE OTHER MAN SAY?

Supply the Missing Conversation for the Empty Balloon . . . *Use Official Entry Form Below*

WRITE NO MORE THAN 12 WORDS

The man at the left is saying

"I like to buy my cigarette from an old established firm."

Here are some suggested replies:

A. *"Yes! Old Gold's come from a fine old family."*

B. *"Fine character in that firm. There's character in Old Gold."*

C. *"They know their business. Been at it 177 years."*

CARTOON No. 2

WHAT WILL THE STOREKEEPER SAY?

Supply the Missing Conversation for the Empty Balloon . . . *Use Official Entry Form Below*

WRITE NO MORE THAN 12 WORDS

The woman is saying

"I carton of Old Golds please. They go pretty fast at our house."

Here are some suggested replies.

A. *"They go fast everywhere. It's that Double-Mellow taste."*

B. *"They're made of highest quality tobacco and they're always fresh."*

C. *"They go fast at my house, too! Everybody likes 'em."*

CARTOON No. 3

WHAT WILL THE BOY FRIEND SAY?

Supply the Missing Conversation for the Empty Balloon . . . *Use Official Entry Form Below*

WRITE NO MORE THAN 12 WORDS

The young lady is exclaiming

"FRESH!"

Here are some suggested replies

A. *"And so are my Old Golds! The extra Cellophane jacket insures that."*

B. *"Male smoke never won fair lady! Try a FRESH Old Gold."*

C. *"Only the FRESH deserve the fair. Old Golds are always FRESH."*

WRITE YOUR ANSWERS IN THE ENTRY FORM IN THE LOWER RIGHT CORNER OF THIS PAGE

Do not send in the cartoons themselves. Write your answers in the spaces provided in the Entry Form . . . and send only the Entry Form.

THE PRIZES

1st Prize	**$100,000.00**
2nd Prize	**$50,000.00**
3rd Prize	**$25,000.00**
4th Prize	$10,000.00
5th Prize	$5,000.00
6th Prize	$5,000.00
7th Prize	$5,000.00
8th Prize	$2,500.00
9th Prize	$2,500.00
3 Prizes $1,000.00 each	$3,000.00
10 Prizes $500.00 each	$5,000.00
28 Prizes $250.00 each	$7,000.00
50 Prizes $100.00 each	$5,000.00
One Hundred Prizes $50.00 each	$5,000.00
Eight Hundred Prizes $25.00 each	$20,000.00
TOTAL 1000 Prizes	**$250,000.00**

OUR PLEDGE TO EVERY CONTESTANT

INDIVIDUAL FILES

COMPLETE DETAILS ABOUT WINNERS WILL BE SENT TO ALL CONTESTANTS

IN THAT SPIRIT

THE RULES... Please Read Them Carefully

1.

2.

3.

4.

5. You are requested to mail Your weekly answers EACH WEEK. All are FREE! The first four weeks' series may be obtained at cigarette

6.

7.

8.

9. Each weekly series of answers, together with 3 OLD GOLD yellow package wrappers or facsimiles, as specified in Rule No. 7, should be addressed to OLD GOLD CONTEST, P. O. Box 9, Varick Street Station, New York, N. Y.

ENTER NOW! BY USING THIS ENTRY FORM!

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

OLD GOLD CONTEST Date____

P. O. Box 9 Varick St. Station, New York, N. Y.

The following are my suggestions for the blank balloons in Cartoons Nos. 1, 2 and 3.

No. 1 _____

No. 2 _____

No. 3 _____

I enclose herewith 3 OLD GOLD yellow package wrappers (or 3 hand-drawn facsimiles) in accordance with the rules governing same.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (PLEASE PRINT NAME)

Address

City_____ State_____

Submit the answers as indicated on this Official Entry Form by Midnight of next Saturday, or earlier if you choose

PLEASE *PRINT* YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY A.W.

How I Waded Through Blood

Extraordinary Confessions of the Saquo, Ignorant Bandit of the Neither Read Nor Write, Who Amanullah, and Established

Habibullah Went His Ancient Muzzle-Loading Rifle Slung Over His Shoulder, Hardy Men of the Hills Who Helped Their King Amanullah As He Made His Gallant Effort to Recover the Throne

A View of the Ghazi Well Near Which Bacha Saquo and Karim Khan Fought Their Bread-Duel

Amanullah On His Last Attempt to Regain the Throne Before Bacha Saquo's Army of Ruffians the Former King Gave Up His Attempt and Departed from Afghanistan Forever

Karim Khan the Brave Chief of the Verdak Tribe Who Fought a Duel With Bacha Saquo and Preferred to Die Rather Than Accept Any Favors From Bacha

By BACHA SAQUO
The Outlaw Who Made Himself King of Afghanistan

Translated from Last Saquo,

CHAPTER XI

U

On two occasions I found myself surrounded [illegible] with quite a small escort. [illegible] called upon to play the [illegible] of men, and but for the fact [illegible] but the side of a playing card [illegible] that I should have been butchered. Yet one day, when the second of these occasions arose, who should be in command of the

[illegible] I had [illegible] I would [illegible] I would [illegible] I would

to Become a King

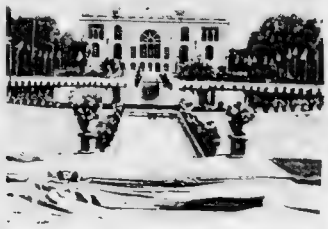
Brigand Chief, Bacha Hills Who Could Overcame King Himself and His Barbarous Cutthroats in the Royal Palace of Afghanistan

'Karim Khan was no orthodox fighter. He depended largely upon his ability to twist his torso and on the suppleness of his wrist. It was speedily borne upon me that this was no time for the theatrical if I were to retain my life.

"I gave he pricked me in the region of the heart, but my heavy sheepskin coat saved me—that and a backward twist—an old trick with Frontiersmen, the boys of Kohistan.

At long last I slashed him on his forearm, and his scimitar lost some of its speed. But he changed with amazing dexterity to his left hand, and I found him still a formidable antagonist. Again I admit with a certain stroke of fortune. I caught him a cut upon the neck, and the blood gushed down his shirt. I started back, prepared to drop my blade.

That was almost a fatal mistake. In that moment I allowed my eye to fall from his, and in the same instant he darted himself upon me. I took a side step, and I had recovered, and I had my sword through his vitals.



A Public Building in Kandahar Where Amanullah Declared Himself King After His Abdication and Before He Fled to Europe. Below, the Royal Palace in Kabul Now Occupied by Bacha Saqao

Ali Ahmed Jan, Who Proclaimed Himself King and Marched on Kabul the Capital to Drive Bacha Out, But He Was Captured and Tied to the Mouth of a Cannon and Blown to Pieces by Bacha's Order

Recruiting Men From the Wild Tribes of the Mountains for Bacha Saqao's Army

'Continued from Preceding Page

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Wind — by Maurice Buckley

The Icy Hands Killed the "Hero" Who Couldn't Forget. Complete on This Page.

The End.

Hoodwink House

S.A W

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

L

Mary Grows Weak in Her Knees and the Reddened Rose Wavers Up Again Before Her Eyes Across the Room and Grabs Up the Vase of Her Lover

CHAPTER XIX
Spain

S

CHAPTER XX.
Romantic Passions

T

Continued on Page 16

"Pink Tooth Brush
for prompt atte
See your dentis

Don't be a "DENTAL CRIPPLE"

Too much soft food—not enough hard chewing
—that's how gum troubles often start!

Change today

TO IPANA AND MASSAGE

H

Remember

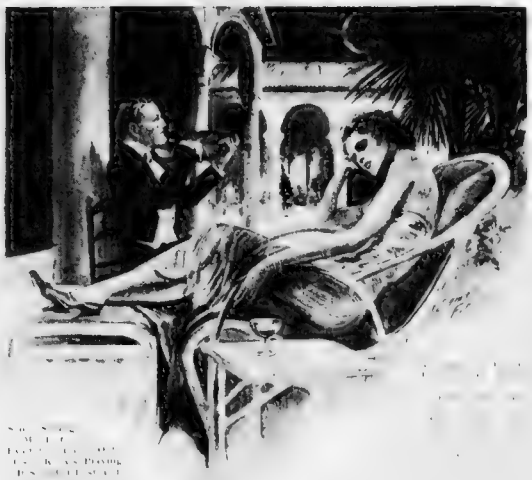
A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

IPANA
Tooth Paste

Hoodtrap House

by S. Andrew West

Continued from Page 1



Pityrosporum ovale

This is the stubborn germ you must kill if you want REAL RELIEF from DANDRUFF

Discovery that Strange Bottle-Shaped Germ Causes Dandruff Leads to New Kind of Therapy, Antiseptic in Character. Listerine Treatment Brings Quick Relief to 76% of Patients in New Jersey Dandruff Clinic. Thousands Report Remarkable Results

Relief in Two Weeks

See Improvement at Once

Quick Relief of Dandruff

Keep at It

LISTERINE GETS RESULTS

CHAPTER XXI

Olympus at Home

"S

(Continued on Page 1

Hoodwink House

by S. Andrew Wood

(Continued from Page 16)

sorrel-tinted eyes. But his voice quieted.

"It's all beauty to me. Beauty and goodness. And maybe truth. This stuff of the old artists and craftsmen. If it was liquid, I'd drink it. I can't scoop up enough of it. There's times when dawn's coming through these windows and I go down on my knees in some of those rooms I've showed you. Beauty-sand goodness, and truth. I reckon that's all God is really. Unless—"

He looked across at Loveday and averted his face. One of his fine hands closed and he did not finish the sentence.

"Well, that's why I've my Organization. There's most of the clever crooks in Europe who specialize in Art in it. It's necessary. I imagine some of the priests in those old Greek temples of beauty were lousy old cards. Miss Brant. Like your single. I've never had any blood spilled. He did that sacristan business on his own. But I knew all the circumstances. That was how I was able to get over him so neat and get you and your friends away."

"Thanks for that," said Loveday. "But how my uncle and me's been good to you's a fashion—"

Jason Kelly rose from the table. His flinty glow had died from his eyes. He was the shy peasant again, as he had been before.

They no gauntlet him. He ain't going to prison a-tall, and spend a lot of time lugging fleas around another board. It was only a sacristan and there's no real proof. Sacristans don't matter much and they're sensitive about not attending on other sacristans' feasts. I guess I may be able to get him out when you want it. Like some music? I play the fiddle a bit."

A new moon was floating in the mauve depths of sky which hung over the roofless patio. Among the palms of the fair comics fireflies were darting. When one listened, the sounds of Seville whispered in over the marble walls, and yet were securely closed out. Sitting on her cushioned divan, Loveday watched Jason Kelly wondering at him and at herself.

He played solemnly. He had paid a small fortune to a man in Cremona for the recipe of a secret varnish which Stradivarius made for his violins, and used it on an instrument he had fashioned himself.

Yet it did not sound right to Loveday. Nor was his playing good. But there was a caressing passion in it that made up for any lack of skill. Some strange mood of exaltation came out in the music. It made Loveday raise her eyes because it sounded lost and solitary and, in some way, seemed addressed to her, in Kelly's shy tunes.

She could not help but smile to think of him as a liar, as a conventionally exiled a master criminal. He was hiding her, while municipal police scoured Seville clumsily for her and for Destiny and Anselme. But the two gipsies had vanished cleanly, and were probably well over the Sierra Morena by this time.

Brian Macarthey was in the hospital with a hole in his lung that would put a tongue into his laugh for a long time, a wreck, but likely to live if he took care of himself. The Starshine Company was packing up preparatory to the homeward trail.

All this Jason Kelly had brought report of. He had told her, too, how he had been able to don the uniform of a Civil Guard officer which he kept in the hotel and reach Macarthey's room when the alarm was given the previous night.

In Seville he was the rich caballero from the North American who loved the Spanish Republic and spoke like a Sevillian. Nothing escaped him. He had known the very moment Loveday had come to Seville.

"One of the strings of his violin snapped. He stopped.

"Like it?" he asked. "I made the thing up myself. Out of air and spun-off sensitive. You were in it."

"Me?" She did not feel at all startled.

"Beauty and truth and goodness. I've been frightened of women till just lately. I got past it that night at The New Bacchus. I wasn't frightened of you, not a bit."

His violin hung from his hand; he was plucking its strings gently, his face lowered to it.

"Quaint thing, life is. It's always hit me as comic that none of us can ever remember the most important things about it. Being born and dying. But maybe we're always dying and always being born. Yes, that's it."

"I think it is," agreed Loveday.

"Maybe your husband. I mean Peregrine."

She looked up, whipped. A shadow of color fled across her cheeks.

"I don't want you to speak about that. That's one of the things that have died and left me remembering. Yet, do you want me to tell you? You've been so kind to me that you've almost a right to know."

Not me—the outmost red glint in his eyes. They were the only part of Jason Kelly stable against the dark wall of the patio. "Me! That dirty-tongued old mime Zoe Craig was right, quite, wasn't she? A lot of bad-egg stories in a circumstance way. His symbols to perform. It is your business. There's nothing more out that couldn't be told you, from the Starshine and Macarthey and that sort. I won't paint ugly. I know it. Inside. Like I know Melville and that sort."

He swung abruptly on his heel and walked away with his eyes past the fountain which in the yellow lantern light looked like a shivering aluminum tree to Loveday. As her eyes followed him she was aware of the feeling which, again, might have been laughter or tears. How different from Peregrine, she thought forlornly. To Peregrine she had resigned one of the fanya's rough. Thus from beginning to end.

Jason Kelly was back.

"No he said. "About Peregrine. I was only going to say that I got a message saying he left London by plane for Spain. He was on his way to Cordova, I imagine."

"Cordova?" Loveday stared still.

Where the real genuine Banderillero's Daughter is. He's after it for Peregrine's. But I want it myself."

"So I suppose you'll get it in—"

Yes."

Loveday's head almost went out on the palm of her hand. It was a puzzling movement stopped in the back. Jason Kelly saw it and winced.

But when she looked up at him she surprised a smile that was like steel. Nothing but utter pertinent for a weak and worthless enemy was there. He knew Peregrine as it she had told him everything. Had he not known Zoe Craig that night when The New Bacchus fell? Peregrine's soul as he knew to him as it did to herself.

She spoke wildly.

"You've given yourself away, you know. I could get out of here and tell the police who you really were. Unless of course you mean to keep me a prisoner."

"You could," said Jason Kelly. "And you're no prisoner."

"It would spoil everything, for Olympius wouldn't it."

"I guess he would be badly tumped."

"Then—"

"You couldn't. You wouldn't. You can see. I'm on a sensitive skin right after shaving your underarms. It soothes and cools.

Lasts all day. Use Mum in the morning and just forget your underarms. You're safe for all day!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. And this is important! You can always count on Mum to prevent every trace of unpleasant body odor and yet it doesn't interfere with natural perspiration.

Protect that oneness of person which is such an important part of success, by the daily Mum habit.

It's so quick and easy and sure! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS there's nothing quite so effective as Mum — and so comforting to your peace of mind!

"You have an enemy —a beautiful blonde"

IT'S YOURSELF!"

"I see a tall, handsome, dark man. He thought a great deal of you at first—but he has been estranged.

"I see secret gatherings, parties—but you do not seem to be present.

"I see a trip, for you—but you are going alone.

"I see an enemy. She is a lovely blonde. It's you, yourself, my dear!"

* * *

The most dangerous enemy a woman ever has is *herself*. For it is her own failings which defeat her — of which she too often is completely unaware.

It's a common experience to meet a girl who seems to have everything — beauty, brains, personality. And yet one personal fault holds her back — a fault with which the social and business worlds have no patience. *The annoying odor of underarm perspiration.*

It's hard to see how she can be so careless. Or how she can be unconscious of it herself.

It is doubtless because she thinks her daily bath protects her. And yet, of course, all soap and water can do is to cleanse for the moment. They cannot protect in the hours to come.

The smartest, busiest women choose one unfailing way to be safe at *all* times. The daily Mum habit!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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"It would spoil everything, for Olympius wouldn't it."

"I guess he would be badly tumped."

"Then—"

"You couldn't. You wouldn't. You can see. That's all."

But Loveday was on her feet. Her heels tapped the tiled floor of the patio as she went close. She was taller than Jason Kelly by a couple of inches and flamed down at him limpidly.

"Don't you understand? Oh, you can't, of course. Men who are wiser than you are about women couldn't. He thought I was a showgirl. Hard-boiled. He used me just as he wanted. He never thought of me one instant. He was despicable in every way without meaning to be. I'm not shielding him. Don't think that. And I see him clearly, so clearly. He might even want to marry me yet because his mother who is dead and worshiped him wished him to. But I wouldn't. I've finished utterly. All that. But—"

"But you love him," said Jason Kelly. "I know. You would. You'd never change. Not you. No more than one of those Madonnas. Good night, Miss Brant."

He was gone. The Moorish doorway took him. The clocks of Seville were striking some late hour. The sound poured faintly over the walls of the patio and a chill wind blew in from the Guadalquivir.

Marsquita, Loveday's fat and dusky duenna, was waiting for her. Someway, Jason Kelly had even managed to transport her wardrobe to the hotel. She was free as air to leave his palace at any time she wished.

From her window, as she looked, she saw a big motor car standing among the pillars and the antique line of the outer courtyard. A small trim figure stepped briskly into it and it slid noiselessly through the archway, waving only the still purple shadow and the quivering lamps.

Olympius was going to fetch The Banderillero's Daughter.

CHAPTER XXII
In the Monastery

THE two foreigners fathomed not one another's souls but hate for each other overmuch. They observed the grave courtesy of the Spanish gentleman father and son from Spain's ultra castile where manners, the silence and gravity of ancient pride reign.

They sat at their little table drinking black coffee and blinking away the flies which Cordova produces in great abundance. To each new customer who entered the cafe, the older man made a courteous if absent salutation in Spanish fashion. The younger gazed out into the crooked street which was growing smudged and purple as night fell.

"I'm scared," he faintly. Last Hurdon said with an effort, and not in a dead old tone like this. But that's the only way I can express my terror. It's not even terror. It's when one sets out on this sort of thing, he seems to be sitting around, quite near, smiling and telling one how much better she would do it if it were left to her. We were the two slaves, only there is no getting away from that."

One Peregrine grinned. In a way he couldn't help admiring Cordova alone. He too had the feeling that the other man was cynical. What to call his father's attitude? The older woman seemed to accept the fact that she is a fool. Such absolute and wistful self-contempt. But what she must see in his eyes alone. There were no limits to self-contempt.

Cowardice. Braggart. Loveless.

A string of donkeys swaggered past the open door of the tavern. He watched them.

"Father—I feel the same thing. It won't run. It's all nonsense. She wouldn't want to flaunt it."

Peregrine looked at his watch and neither not the other's eyes. They had come, so far as Madrid and some by easy stages with courier labels and false names on their baggage to Cordova. A great fatalism surrounding almost every movement was upon both of them. At Peregrine's London Galleries it was being whispered that the death of Lord Birdlow's wife had nearly broken him. A tragedy. It be snapped and went under. Nobody to take his place.

The coffee cups overturned as Peregrine came to his feet. The old man did not understand him this all hurt. It was now quite dark. Cordova was stuck in the light which had held it since the Moors left it, centuries before. The tortuous streets outside the cafe were empty and only the smoky light of such little dens as the one they sat in burned turbidly in the old quarter of the town. It was hot and stifling.

"It's time. I'm going to fetch The Banderillero's Daughter." Peregrine said. "You'd better go to the car."

They had come secretly to Spain for that. For all they knew, Olympius had already lifted the picture if he had found out its hiding place, as he seemed to find out all things about Peregrine's. Each had an automatic in his pocket. The old man was going to wait in the high-powered car in which they meant to beat south for Gibraltar and home, when they had the picture.

But they were both haunted.

* * *

Clang! Clang!

That was the mad little sacristan summoning his ghostly brethren to vespers. The sound came, muffled and hollow, from behind the rusty grille of the gateway. A single lantern gleamed in some far depths of plinth and arch. The shadows that wavered about it might have been the Capuchins, long dead of the quarter, fever, marching to the High Altar that was no longer there.

A lank scavenger dog slunk from Peregrine's path as he threw open the creaking gate. The crumbled cloisters, knee-deep in grass that swished about his feet, were in darkness and made him stumble. A little whiff of nausea an ague to assail him of the quartan fever.

But the lamp still gleamed and the steady toll of the vesper bell went on. There were bats fluttering in the crooked doorway brushing Peregrine's face. These were the ruins of the Inquisition, he walked into, in search of a masterpiece worth a mint of money and a heap of blood, a treasure without value save for the hell.

He could see Brother Ambrose now. The sacristan had resumed the frayed robe and the red pinched in silence. Through the dust motes still flew about the lantern which rested on the beam overhead. The little simian figure in its frowsy robe, stood listening. He called out in shrill challenge.

Who comes there?

Lantern swinging, he padded forward and thrust the light into Peregrine's face.

"You come at a strange hour, friend," he said coldly. "Did you not hear the vesper bell? The brothers are gone into chapel and I should not. Then, State your business quickly, I pray."

I come for one of your pictures. I am the son of the forefather who gave you pewtax for the post in exchange for it a year ago and bade you keep it till he came."

The emaciated face puckered and the thin-lashed eyes rested the shadows absently.

"I remember. He had an open hand, that unbeliever, and he was hidalgo, right enough. The picture hangs on the wall of the sacristy. Take it for the love of God, friend, and trouble me no more. I am a busy man in Cordova, they say my brothers are dead. But the fools know not that that matters nothing. The dead are mere our masters than the living. Take my lantern and find your picture."

It was odd and eerie to be left alone on such words. Peregrine perked himself out of the moment. The lantern light streaked the cozy walls as he moved, and alone on the dusty soles of the little monk's sandals as he ambled hurriedly to the crumpled chapel. Peregrine's pulse was beginning to drum now.

This is an astounded knavery!"

It was difficult for him to get over that point-of-view. To him it was like working for wine, rascally lawyer, like swindling that little lunatic monk in a way. It provided a measure, perhaps, why he had always preferred Tig Tiffany's Beauty Show to Peregrine's Galleries.

There was laughter of a sort then, as he found the picture and thumb-tugging not a grin Peregrine discovered a small heresy within him for The Banderillero's Daughter now.

This was the sacristy. He reached it. Then Peregrine stepped back, uttered, uplifted and touched some prayer, and spoke quietly to him.

Nothing doing, Mr. Peregrine. You're too late.

There was a silence. On the hot stone floor a scorpion writhed through the lamplight.

Meaning you've got it?

God's hand stirred in his unpocket. The weapon was only half out when he got it instinctively away to fingers that seemed at once unlovely and lightning swift.

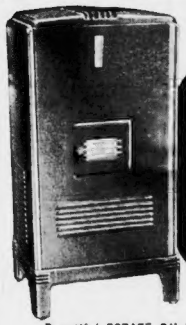
To Be Continued Next Week.

Begin This New Serial Next Sunday

Thirteen On Board

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements.

The Colorful Rascal, Captain Quinn, Meets a Violent End on His Own Yacht of Death—and Jimmy Lane, Novelist, Becomes an Amateur Detective Again.



Remarkable
OIL HEATER
BRINGS WHOLE-HOUSE COMFORT TO THOUSANDS

Beautiful ESTATE Oil HEATROLA circulates clean, low-cost warmth throughout the rooms

THIS winter enjoy the healthful comfort of an Estate Oil Heatrola. Burns low cost fuel oil that looks like kerosene. Circulates clean, odorless warmth throughout the rooms. Easy to take care of. No wicks. No moving mechanical parts.

SCIENTIFIC DESIGN. Protected Double Air-Circulating System does away with dirty doors. Wonderful Double Chamber Bowl Burner delivers hot, soot-free flame at all times. Exclusive Intensi-Fire Air Duct turns waste into warmth. (See diagrams below.) Estate Oil Heatrola is an achievement in modern heat engineering.

TURNS WASTE INTO WARMTH! ordinary heater (left) allows warmth to escape up flue. Unique Intensi-Fire Air Duct (right) in Estate Oil Heatrola blocks heat — sends it into rooms.

GET THE CONVINCING FACTS. See the famous Estate Oil Heatrola at the nearest dealer's. Made in seven models — for homes, apartments, stores, offices.

COAL, WOOD OIL OR GAS

There's a Heatrola for every need. You decide which fuel but be sure your heater is a genuine HEATROLA made by The Estate Stove Company, originators of the cabinet heater.

SEND for valuable and helpful information on low cost home heating. Tear out this ad—print your name and address on the margin indicate the fuel you are interested in (oil, coal, gas, wood). Mail to The Estate Stove Co., Dept. A, Hamilton, Ohio.

ESTATE oil HEATROLA

You can't pay for a Heatrola . . . it pays for itself

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How I Waded Through Blood to Become a King

By Bacha Saqao

(Continued from Page 13)

ex-King. Indeed so frequently did the man give vent to his feelings in this respect and so often did he tell Amanullah what a mean thing he was, that he was degraded and disgraced on half a score of occasions.

These two men would engage in wordy warfare even in the audience chamber, and the court was often scandalized by the bickering which ensued between them.

In these heated altercations the general would not hesitate to remind Amanullah of pecadilloes which were family secrets, and which were better left unmentioned, and in return Amanullah would scoff at Ali Jan, and insult him, so that the general would bristle with anger. These unseemly wrangles only ended when Ali Jan became incoherent and speechless with anger, for Amanullah was an adept at the gibe, and knew exactly how to get under the rascal's skin.

There was one such incident which followed one of these angry brawls, where Ali Jan so far forgot himself as to allow his hand to fall upon the hilt of his sword. In an instant Amanullah was on his feet, calling for his guard, and he had his brother-in-law under arrest. He swore that this impertinent man should die, but Amanullah's mother, who was also Ali Jan's aunt, interceded, and the General was spared.

This man had been sent to the eastern provinces to get him away from the court where his presence was obnoxious to Amanullah, and when he heard that his brother-in-law had abdicated, he had the temerity to declare himself King. He issued a proclamation to this effect at Jalalabad, and he took the opportunity of saying things about me which I was able later to throw in his teeth.

He called me an ignoramus and an absurd upstart, and he promised all who would support him large rewards and high estate. Those who stood in his way he sought to argue with him before punished severely. By this means he rallied a not inconsiderable following.

He announced his intention of marching on Kabul, where he said he would give himself the pleasure of cutting the water-carrier's son into little pieces but procrastination was too firmly a part of the Amanullah family for the ex-King to have the monopoly.

Ali Jan spent days in haranguing and reviewing his men, and in the meantime I sent Mahmud Sami against him, and Mahmud was experienced in war as was the General.

Also quite a large part of Ali Jan's soldiery had been recruited from Kohistan, and the men of the hills had always a regard for my person. When, therefore, these men heard of my successes and were informed by Ali Jan that they would be required to fight me for possession of Kabul, they deserted him and threw in their lot with me.

This was a great blow to the pride of the self-styled King of Jalalabad, and news of his storming and raving was brought to me. Some said that Ali Jan worked himself into such a rage that he eventually fell to the ground in a swoon.

However, he survived the shock and leaving Jalalabad in the hands of one he was pleased to term "Regent" he marched to Jagdilak. But instead of proceeding by way he spent days compelling even individuals he met on the wayside to accept him as King.

I realized however that I had in this man a most formidable rival. I had scoffed at the efforts of Amanullah to retain his throne, but Ali Jan, notwithstanding his age and his eccentricities, was an experienced general, when he got under fire, and moreover, notwithstanding the desertions which had taken place, he still retained a considerable army, and he was well supplied with arms and ammunition. He had a plentiful supply of machine-guns, and even some artillery.

Consequently, I did not daily with this man as I did with Amanullah, and I dispatched a large force to intercept him. We eventually camped at the Caves of Mullah Omar, only six miles from Ali Jan's most forward outpost.

From there I sent a deputation under the white flag, demanding this so-called King's submission, but instead of replying, he made my deputation prisoner.

He resolved to fight me, but he made a most serious blunder in the disposal of his forces. The desertions from his ranks should have warned him that the men from the northern provinces were for Bacha, rather than for Ali Jan, yet he placed men from these districts in the van.

When the two forces met these men from the North refused to fire, and we, too, held our hands. There was a momentary impasse, and then those men also came over to my side, bringing with them all their arms and considerable quantities of ammunition.

More trouble was to accrue for Ali Jan, though he was able to extricate himself from a fight that day. He dispersed large sums of money in an effort to win the allegiance of further clans of the Shinwaris and Khogians, forgetting the flood feuds which exist between these tribes. One of the principal tribal leaders, Mohammad Shah, came secretly to me, and informed me of all Ali Jan's promises and plans. I loaded this man with money and promised him great advancement if he succeeded in disrupting Ali Jan's forces.

When he returned the general had been appraised of his going, and again Ali Jan nearly died in his fury. A fight ensued in which Mohammed Shah was victorious. He looted Ali Jan's arsenal and routed his followers after a bloody conflict, and the old man had to fly for his life with his two sons. He had a very narrow escape, as there were many there anxious to secure the reward which I had offered for his apprehension.

Ali Jan succeeded in making his way to the Laghman Valley where he was taken prisoner. He was actually on the point of being sent to me at Kabul, when tribesmen friendly to him appeared on the scene and effected his release. From there he made for the Kunar Valley where he suffered untold hardships, but managed to slip through to Mohmand territory and then to Peshawar.

As soon as Amanullah proclaimed himself King for the second time, Ali Jan made for Kandahar, and made his submission to his brother-in-law, and he was still in Kanadahar when I finally routed Amanullah. Then, the stupid man had sufficient optimism again to declare himself King.

It did not take me long to deal with him, for I now had him bottled up in a city from which it was difficult to escape.

When my men appeared at the walls of Kandahar, the terrified people opened the gates, and Ali Jan, with a few of his followers sought to fight their way out. There was a terrific fight, and everyone of the men with Ali Jan was cut down before the old firebrand was taken, but taken he was.

He was brought prisoner to Kabul, and I allowed him to cool his heels in a dungeon in the palace for a few days. Then I had him dragged out and produced before me in the audience chamber.

Even there the man defied and reviled me, but I told him that his time had come.

I reminded him of all the unseemly epithets which he had hurled at me, and the insulting language he had used in his references to me.

I had the old scoundrel bound, and placed upon a donkey. He faced the animal's tail, and in this ignominious fashion he was paraded through the streets of Kabul. After this exhibition he was taken to the aerodrome and tied to the mouth of a cannon. He did not remain there long.

There was now nobody, high or low, in all Afghanistan to dispute my wish or will. And I laughed in my beard as I recalled the insolent treatment I once had suffered from the drill-masters when I was a recruit in the army I now commanded.

In those days I did not accept in too kindly a spirit the frequent chidings of my superiors, and bickerings and outspoken and definitely unmilitary language became general in my relations with others.

There was one officer, the equivalent to a major in rank, who took a particular delight in rendering my service unpalatable, and I, for my part, took particular care that my views on his military and other qualities should be freely aired.

If he could throw down scorn upon me when I was on parade, I could see that there were those who would snigger offensively when he passed through the streets, or was in the company of boon companions. It was not difficult to engineer circumstances when a ribald and slanderous tongue could be overheard to his undoing and acute annoyance.

We did not love one another, and gradually this mutual ill-feeling grew into enduring hate. The man could never pass me on parade without giving off some slighting and derogatory remark—a state of affairs which was remarked upon by all and which did much to break down the discipline within my unit.

There had, of course, to come the day when this officer was particularly offensive and when he transcended all the bounds of decency and decorum. Enraged beyond endurance by my actions in public, he made a bee-line for me when on parade and gave himself over to the most objectionable commentary upon my personal and military bearing.

"Those boors from the hills," he cried that all might hear. "See how they slouch. See, he carries his rifle as if it were a broom." This latter, of course, was a subtle way of conveying that in his opinion I was more accustomed to the ways of a broom than a rifle, a dire insult, as the direct insinuation was that I was of the sweeper caste.

He could see the blood boiling within me, and proceeded further to taunt me, and to such a degree that I could hear around me indignant murmurs which indicated sufficiently clearly that if anything untoward should occur there would be no lack of sympathizers.

Suddenly, the bazaar-spawn advanced upon me, caught hold of my rifle, and shook it viciously into what he was pleased to term alignment.

I allowed it to slip back into the position it had before his interference, and again he grasped it. The man was panting with anger.

As he grasped the weapon for the second time, I released my hold and brought up my hand to deliver a resounding smack in the side of his ugly face. Immediately there was pandemonium. Some of the men broke ranks in their excitement and crowded round, and the scene was more reminiscent of a bazaar fracas than a parade-ground reproof.

Other officers hurried to the spot, the major meanwhile gesticulating wildly and calling down the curses of heaven upon one who had so outraged his dignity in direct defiance to all precepts of military discipline and law. Soon I found myself under arrest, and escorted to the guard-room charged with the crime of striking a superior officer on parade and with conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline.

All this I recalled as I realized that now I was indeed in supreme command of the army and if indignities and punishments were to be inflicted I would be the one to measure them out.

To Be Continued Next Sunday

Tips on Table-Setting.

CAREFUL attention to the appointments and to the setting of the luncheon table will often tempt jaded appetites, writes Mary Lee Swann in setting the table, it is the rule to place the silver to be used first farthest from the service plate and those pieces to be used last nearest to it.

The forks are placed on the left side of the plate, the knives (with their sharp edge toward the plate) and the spoons are on the right side of it. Water glasses stand at the tip end of the knife inside nearest the plate. The butter plate stands at the tip end of the fork. The napkin is placed either on the left side beside the fork farthest from the plate, or occasionally, on the service plate.

All silver should be placed one inch from the edge of the table, an even row with the edge of the service plate. Silver should be placed in the order in which it is to be used, working from the outside in toward the plate.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3718. ROUND FOR COLLEGE OR BUSINESS? THIS CAPTIVATING FROCK WILL WIN APPROVING GLANCES. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch fabric and ⅝ yard ribbon for bow.

Pattern 3717. LITTLE SISTER WILL BE TEACHER'S PET IN THIS JOYOUS JUMPER DRESS OF LIVELY SCOTCH PLAID. Designed for children's sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 10 blouse requires 1⅛ yards 36-inch fabric; jumper, 1⅞ yards 54-inch fabric.

Pattern 3719. EASY TO MAKE, EASY ON THE EYES ARE TAILORED AND DRESSY APRONS CUT FROM ONE PATTERN! Designed for sizes small, medium and large. Small size apron A requires 2¼ yards 36-inch fabric and 2¼ yards ruffling; apron B, 2 yards.

Pattern 3681. MOTHER WILL LOOK AS SLIM AS DAUGHTER IN THIS CHARMING ALL-PURPOSE MODEL. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3724. EMBROIDER GLAD OR NEW BRIDESMAID WITH THIS CHARMING BLUEBIRD MOTIF. IT REQUIRES JUST SIMPLE STITCHES. Pattern 3724 contains a transfer pattern of a wreath, 15x21 inches, two and two reverse motifs and a motif 4¼x11⅜ inches; material requirements, color suggestions; illustrations of all stitches used.

Pattern 3669. HERE IS THE "INSIDE STORY" OF YOUR FALL WARDROBE! THREE CHEERS FOR ITS BUILT-UP SHOULDER STRAPS! Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch fabric.

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Stuffings For "Pocket-Book" Vegetables

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THERE is no need for the housewife to hesitate and ask herself the question: "To stuff or not to stuff?" for "to stuff" is the order of the day in September when many poultry pocketed vegetables reach the peak of their season.

Squash, white, yellow and striped, appear in great piles both at the market and along roadside stands in late summer. The squash is an edible member of the gourd family, to which also belongs the cucumber and that distant English cousin, the vegetable marrow. From Italy comes that other harlequin member, the zucchini, known for its cookie shape and its dark and light green bed-ticking appearance. Some of us call it the "cousin" of summer squash or white "patty," whose true name is eyebrow. The crook-neck, both white and yellow, is another popular member of the quite edible squash family.

In addition to these many sizes, shapes, colors and styles of squash, the tomato, the eggplant and the green and red pepper all use the same basic shell and can at this very moment. And all of them may be included under the term "pocket-book" vegetables. For their shape is that of a pocket-book or envelope, which means that it may easily be scooped out and thus yield a "pocket-book" or generous cavity into which may be stuffed savory fillings.

The quality of most of these "pocket-book" vegetables is chiefly watery with a little starchy fiber. Hence they are ideal containers for more hearty and protein stuffings, stuffings in which meat, fish or cheese are introduced, and with which they form a balanced meal.

Thus when we take minced ham, crumbs, seasonings and a grating of cheese, and pack them into a scooped-out eggplant, pepper or squash, we have what amounts to a complete meal in an edible vegetable serving dish. The rind of any squash, eggplant or pepper is of a fibrous quality which makes a good receptacle and the shapes are decorative as well.

While any squash may be stuffed, two very suitable ones are the white "patty" and the yellow "crook-neck," because of their good-looking shapes.

The first step in the preparation is to parboil the vegetables in rapidly-boiling salted water until the flesh is tender enough to scoop out, while the rind is still firm enough to keep its outline. Usually 5 to 10 minutes is sufficient for this. Then split or slice the vegetable, which should be young and tender, in half crosswise, leaving the two half-like shells ready for stuffing. Use a thin sharp knife and remove pulp carefully, being careful not to break the retaining rind.

In some recipes the cooked pulp is chopped fine and added to the other ingredients of the stuffing. In other recipes the pulp is not used at all in the stuffed shell, although it may be retained for other dishes.

The method of stuffing is quite similar no matter what size or shape vegetable is used. After the vegetable is pre-cooked and scooped out, invert to drain while mixing stuffing ingredients well. Stuff shells, sprinkle with crumbs, cheese or paprika, and set to bake. A moderate oven over a long period is more satisfactory than a fast hot oven, which tends to shrivel the pulp.

Zuchini is the bed-ticking squash seen chiefly on foreign markets, but it deserves better recognition by American housewives, since it is tasty, sweet, nice-textured and very inexpensive. In Italy whence zuchini hails, the vegetable is gathered when it is very young, only a finger's length and resembling a dill pickle.

The fruit thus picked, when gherkin size, allows a long season of continuous bloom to the vine. But usually zuchini are bought here when they are 10 to 12 inches long, like oversize cucumbers. They are stuffed as described above, and the chopped cooked pulp is excellent with minced ham, bacon, fish, etc., as the stuffing.

Cucumbers show by their name their relation to the rest of the cucurbitaceae or squash family. While this member is most often treated as a crisp and succulent green salad plant, it may also be cooked.

Cooking a cucumber is exactly like cooking any squash. Fish and mushroom stuffings seem "naturals" for cucumbers. And salmon in a cream sauce stuffed into 1/2" pre-cooked cucumber shells, sprinkled with buttered crumbs and baked is delicious indeed.

Combinations of other vegetables with one of the pocket-book variety is another form of suggestion. Thus the recipe for a large white patty squash filled with contrasting green peas, yellow carrot balls and mushrooms is a happy one for the vegetarian or for health-minded hostess. Or stuffing green lima beans into a yellow crook-necked squash is another good one. Or course, whole tomatoes stuffed with scraped fresh corn with minced celery, etc., is an old story to the clever and economical housewife.

Naturally these pocket-book dishes take plenty of fat or butter and a well-seasoned sauce to tone them up. Any smoked meat is excellent for flavor and added taste and tomato sauce is important when pepper, cheese or baked in such dishes. Bacon dripping is a rich well-seasoned fat to add to the crumbs or fillings. And a cream sauce must have plenty of salt, pepper and added herbs such as thyme, garlic, onions, etc., to give the baked dish zest.

In this baked stuffed form with at least ½ cup of protein allowed each person in the stuffing, such vegetables as these are the utmost in heartiness. Besides, they provide a thrifty way to use up left-over meats, and the shank of the luncheon and other such poor-appearing but good-tasting viands.

Here is where the fond chopper comes into its own. Add it to the table, put almost any left-over into it, season and add sauce to the ground product, and stuff your pocket-book vegetable

Stuffed Zuchini Squash—Three medium zuchini, 6 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon onion juice, salt, pepper, ½ pound cooked fish, lobster, shrimp or crab cut into small bits, ½ cup fine dry bread crumbs, split zuchini lengthwise and cook in salted water until tender but firm. With sharp knife remove inner pulp, leaving a canoe-shaped opening. Invert to drain. Chop pulp. Make a white sauce of butter flour and milk adding seasonings and stirring until smooth. Add chopped pulp and fish. Pour sauce into zuchini shells and sprinkle with crumbs. Arrange on greased baking platter and bake about 20 minutes in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. Canned crab, fresh shrimp or haddock fillets are excellent also.

Patty Squash Stuffed With Mushrooms—Three large white scalloped patty squash, 3 cups soft bread crumbs, 2 well-beaten eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 cup chopped cooked mushrooms, 1 teaspoon minced parsley, salt, pepper, mushroom liquor, ½ cup fine dry bread crumbs. Cut squash crosswise in half and parboil 10 minutes in salted water until tender. Scoop out centers, discard seeds and chop pulp. Mix crumbs with eggs and milk. Add pulp, mushrooms, parsley and mushroom liquor. Toss mixture. Season and mix well. Sprinkle with dry crumbs and bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. Serve with lightly-seasoned tomato sauce if desired.

Crook-Neck Squash Stuffed With Limas—Three young light-yellow crook-necks, 3 cups cooked lima beans, 1 cup evaporated milk, salt, pepper, ¼ pound grated cheese, ½ cup fine dry bread crumbs. Split squash lengthwise and parboil 10 minutes in boiling salted water. Remove pulp, discard excess seeds, and chop pulp. Combine pulp, lima beans, milk and cheese with seasonings and mix well. Stuff squash shells, sprinkle with crumbs and bake about 20 minutes in a moderate oven or at about 350 degrees.

Stuffed Eggplant, Genoa—One medium eggplant, 1 cup minced cooked ham, ½ cup minced onions, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt pepper, ¼ cup butter or ham dripping, ½ cup soft bread crumbs, 1 can tomato soup. Split oval eggplant lengthwise and parboil 10 minutes in salted boiling water. Scoop out centers, pulp and chop, combine chopped pulp with other ingredients and mix thoroughly. Replace in eggplant shells. Arrange on greased shallow baking dish. Pour over tomato sauce and bake 30 minutes in a hot oven or at about 375 degrees.

Stuffed Eggplant With Rice—Three small eggplants lengthwise, chopped ripe tomatoes, 3 thin slices garlic, salt, pepper, ¼ cup bacon drippings, ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese, hot boiled rice. Split eggplants in half and parboil 5 minutes in salted boiling water. Cool. Remove most of pulp and chop it finely. Heat bacon drippings and fry in it the chopped tomatoes together with garlic. Combine chopped eggplant with tomatoes and season. Add cheese. Stuff eggplants and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve in border of very hot boiled rice, pouring over tomato sauce remaining in pan.

Tomatoes Stuffed With Minced Liver—Six large ripe tomatoes, 1 cup soft bread crumbs or cooked rice, ½ cup crushed mixed liver, 2 tablespoons minced onion or juice, 3 tablespoons butter, salt, pepper, 6 half-strips bacon. Scoop out centers of tomatoes. Combine crumbs liver, onions, butter and seasonings and mix well. Stuff into tomato shells. Lay bacon strip on top of each. Bake 25 minutes in a hot oven.

Cucumbers Stuffed With Fish—Three large cucumbers, 2 cups any cooked white fish or fish flakes, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk, fine dry crumbs, ½ cup grated American cheese. Split cucumbers lengthwise and parboil 5 minutes or until tender, in salted boiling water. Drain. Remove seeds leaving cavity. Make sauce of butter flour and milk stirring until smooth. Season and add fish. Stuff cucumber shells with mixture and sprinkle with cheese. Bake until brown.

White Patty Squash Stuffed With Carrots and Mushrooms—Three large white patty squash, 2 cups carrot balls, 2 cups mushroom caps, 1 small minced onion, ¼ cup carrot cooking liquor, ½ cup cream or rich milk, salt pepper, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, 2 egg yolks, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons butter. Split squash in half crosswise and parboil in rapidly boiling salted water. Remove all pulp and chop finely. Add to other ingredients for future use. Arrange squash on hot serving platter. To prepare carrot balls, scrape large carrots and scoop with French ball cutter, cook and drain. Simmer mushroom caps 10 minutes in water and drain. Combine onion juice, liquor, milk and seasonings and bring to scald. Add butter. Arrange carrot balls and mushrooms on squash and pour over hot sauce

Stuffed Vegetable Dishes

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Prunes, Whole Grain Cereal, Scrambled Eggs with Minced Bacon, Toasted Rolls, Milk or Coffee.	Orange Juice, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Raw Potato Pancakes, Coffee.	Grapes, Whole Grain Cereal, Poached Eggs, Melba Toast, Oatmeal Tea	Melon, Cereal, Soft Cooked Egg, Griddle Cakes, Coffee.	Sliced Peaches, Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Milk or Coffee.	Sliced Oranges, Cereal, Goldenrod Eggs on Toast, Coffee.	Grapefruit, Rolled Omelet, Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner (Company)*
Noodle Scalloped in Cream, Buttered Beets, Paprika Biscuit, Apple Surprise.	Spaghetti Italienne, Cheese Cabbage Salad, French Dressing, Swedish or French Bread, Apricot Trifle.	Vegetable Stew, Cheese Waffles Grilled Tomatoes, Prunes in Orange Jelly, Iced Coffee Substitute.	Emergency Soup, Corned Beef Hash, Harvard Beets, Fruit Compote, Soft Cookies, Lemonade.	Mulligan Stew, Tapioca Pudding, Pineapple Sauce, Tea.	Macaroni au Gratin, Salad Bouquet, French Dressing, Cashew Nut Muffins, Fruit, Hot or Iced Tea.	Sea Food Cocktail, Smothered Chicken or Veal in Casserole, Steamed Rice, Ring of Swiss Chard with Buttered Carrots or Beets, Peach Meringues, Grapejuice Sherbet, Lemon Queens with Orange Frosting, Half Cups Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner (Company)*	*Dinner (Picnic style)*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Small Broiled Steak with Mushroom Sauce, Green Beans, French Fried Potatoes, Maidenlove Vegetable Salad, Salad Dressing, Chilled Chocolate Bread Pudding with Cream.	Hot or Frozen Tomato Juice Cocktail, Roast Yankee Ham with Raisin Sauce and Candied Yams, Tea-Minute Cabbage, Mayflower Moonlight Pie.	Fruit Cup, Broiled Lamb Chops or Sauted Lamb Cakes, Pineapple Mint Jelly, Whipped Potatoes with Pimento, Buttered Cauliflower, Apple Pudding with Hard Sauce.	Fruit Cup, Cold Baked Ham, Potato Salad, Pineapple Tapioca with Cream or Pineapple Cream Puffs.	Cold Fried Chicken, Potato Salad, Cucumber Salad, Cherry or Orange Roll.	Baked Bouquet of Beef, Boiled Potatoes, Steamed Cabbage, Spiced Beets or Peach Chutney, Romaine or Lettuce, Stuffed Eggs, French Dressing, Fruit Macaroon with Lace Cookies or Individual Squash Pies.	Emergency Salad (Left-Over), Ice-Box Rolls, Caramel Cup Custards.

Fragrant Pot Pourri

Mary Lee Swann's Favorite Pot Pourri.

CAREFULLY-dry fragrant jonquils, probably the "daffydowndillys" of which Spenser wrote in the Faerie Queen. Also Honore's Asphodel used in perfume industry. Place in most beautiful glass container you can find. Add a few drops of oil of jasmine and wash out the dropper with a little odorless alcohol which softens the flowers.

Violet Pot Pourri (Lula S. Close.)

HAVE ready a large platter or enamel tray of clean white sand. Place fresh violets on the sand. Cover with clean sand. Let stand in rather warm place several hours or until dry. Gently remove from sand and shake off sand. Place violets in Venetian glass jar and 2 or 3 drops oil of violet and wash out the dropper with odorless alcohol. Cover closely.

"Les Petites Fleurs" (By Request).

HAVE ready dry roses, hulls, artistic, fragrant jonquils, lilies of the valley, geranium verbena, sweet scented goldenrod, statice, globe amaranth, (for colors, orange peel, lemon peel, delphinium, etc. Place in container. Add 5 drops neroli bigarde (from flowers of bitter orange), and 10 drops odorless alcohol.

Pot Pourri (E. M. S.)

HAVE ready 6 quarts dried petals and flowers, whole roses, pinks, rosemary, lavender, lemon verbena, etc. Sprinkle with salt and let stand until ready to use. Shake out salt. Add ½ ounce mace, ¼ ounce cloves, ½ ounce cinnamon, ½ ounce allspice, 1 ounce gum benjoin, 1 ounce orris root, a little orange peel, a little lemon peel, a little gum myrrh, a little sandalwood a few drops attar of roses and 1 grain musk. About every 4 inches dampen with your favorite toilet water.

Bouquet Pot Pourri.

MIX ¼ pound ground rhodium wood, ¼ pound ground vanillan, 1 pound rose leaves, ¼ pound orange flowers, ¼ pound orange peel, ¼ pound ground cedar wood, ¼ pound thyme, 1 pound orris root and ½ pound gum benjoin.

Bridal Bouquet (Mrs. Hosbour.)

HAVE ready white carefully-dried flowers: white delphinium, deutzias, lilies of the valley, roses, etc. Place in container and to about 1 or 2 cups of the flowers add one-fifth teaspoon musk ambrette, one-fifth teaspoon musk ambrette, one-fifth teaspoon ru tonka, one-fifth teaspoon coumarin, and a small piece of calamus root.

Readers' Selected Tea Room Dishes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Orange Nut Bread.

MIX and sift 3 cups pastry flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon salt. Add ½ cup broken walnut meats, 1 tablespoon grated orange peel, ½ cup orange marmalade, 1 well-beaten egg and 1 cup milk. Mix well, turn into a well-greased loaf pan, let stand 10 minutes and bake in a moderate oven or at about 350 degrees.

Corned Beef and Eggs au Gratin.

THINLY slice or chop ½ pound cooked corned beef. Have ready 4 or 5 hard-cooked eggs. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour, a few grains pepper and ½ teaspoon salt. Add 1½ cups fresh milk and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Arrange a layer of the corned beef in a greased baking dish, cover with 2 sliced hard-cooked eggs, cover with some of the sauce. Repeat. Sprinkle with ½ cup buttered bread crumbs. Dot with a tablespoon of butter. Bake in a moderate to hot oven, between 360 and 375 degrees, about ½ hour, or until delicately browned.

Veal Chops and Green Onions with Sour Cream.

SPRINKLE 6 veal chops with salt and pepper, dice 4 or 5 green onions. Cook onions in 1 tablespoon lard and 1 tablespoon butter until delicately browned. Add the veal chops, brown on both sides, add just enough sour cream to cover chops. Cover closely, bake in a moderate oven, or at about 325 degrees nearly an hour. Remove cover during last 20 minutes of cooking. Garnish with parsley and serve immediately.

Pineapple Fritters.

MIX and sift 1½ cups flour, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, 2 teaspoons sugar and ½ teaspoon salt. Beat 1 egg add 4 tablespoons milk and combine with the sifted dry ingredients. Add ½ tablespoon salad oil and ½ cup drained crushed pineapple. Drop from tablespoon into hot deep fat (deep fat thermometer should register about 370 degrees F.) and when well browned on unglazed paper. Serve with the following pineapple sauce: Boil 1 cup pineapple juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and ¾ cup sugar until thick.

Leaf Cookies (By Request).

CUT ½ pound almond paste into thin slices. Add 2 egg whites slowly, blending carefully to make a smooth mixture. It is best to use the hand for this process. Mix in 1 or 2 tablespoons water. Add ½ cup powdered sugar and 4 tablespoons flour. Lay metal stencil (leaf-shape) on greased baking sheet and spread dough over stencil with a spatula. Remove excess dough and lift stencil. Repeat until all batter is used. Bake in a moderately hot oven or at about 375 degrees about 10 minutes, or until delicately colored. The cookies should be removed from baking sheet while still hot. Cover with chocolate icing, if desired. This recipe makes 4½ dozen thin leaves.

Sour Cream Pecan Pie.

LINE pie plate with favorite pastry. Cover with broken pecan nuts. Beat 2 eggs until light, adding 1 cup sugar, 1 cup sour cream, 1 teaspoon flour, ½ teaspoon lemon extract or a grating of lemon rind, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon and ¼ teaspoon cloves. Pour into outlined pastry. Bake in a slow oven or at about 300 degrees, until firm. Cool and serve with or without whipped and sweetened cream.

Tomato Juice Cocktail with Horseradish.

MIX 2 quarts tomato juice or pulp with ¼ tablespoon salt, 1 tablespoon freshly-grated horseradish and 1 teaspoon sugar. Chill and serve.

Sardine Canapes.

TOAST rounds of bread. On each put a slice of tomato. Cover this with a paste of mashed sardines. Sprinkle with grated cheese and put in oven long enough to melt the cheese.

Cream Scones.

MIX 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 3 teaspoons sugar and 1 teaspoon salt. Work in ¼ tablespoons butter. Beat 2 eggs, reserving a little of the unbeaten white. To the well-beaten eggs add ½ cup cream. Mix lightly with the sifted dry ingredients. Turn out on floured board, pat and roll to ¾-inch thickness. Cut in small diamonds. Brush with reserved egg white, sprinkle with granulated sugar and bake in a quick oven or at about 450 degrees for 15 minutes.

Apple Turnovers with Spice Pastry.

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and 1 teaspoon nutmeg. Add ⅔ cup shortening and work in with two forks, ten across or line of fingers. Add whether ice water, sufficient to form just enough to break into lumps. Add ice water to moisten, using just enough to hold mixture together. Chill. Roll thin. Cut into squares. On each half place sliced apples. Sprinkle with sugar to taste. Dot with butter. Roll over other half of square. Moisten edges with cold water and press together well. Prick several times with fork to allow steam to escape. Bake for 10 minutes at 450 degrees and then reduce to moderate oven and finish cooking at about 350 degrees.

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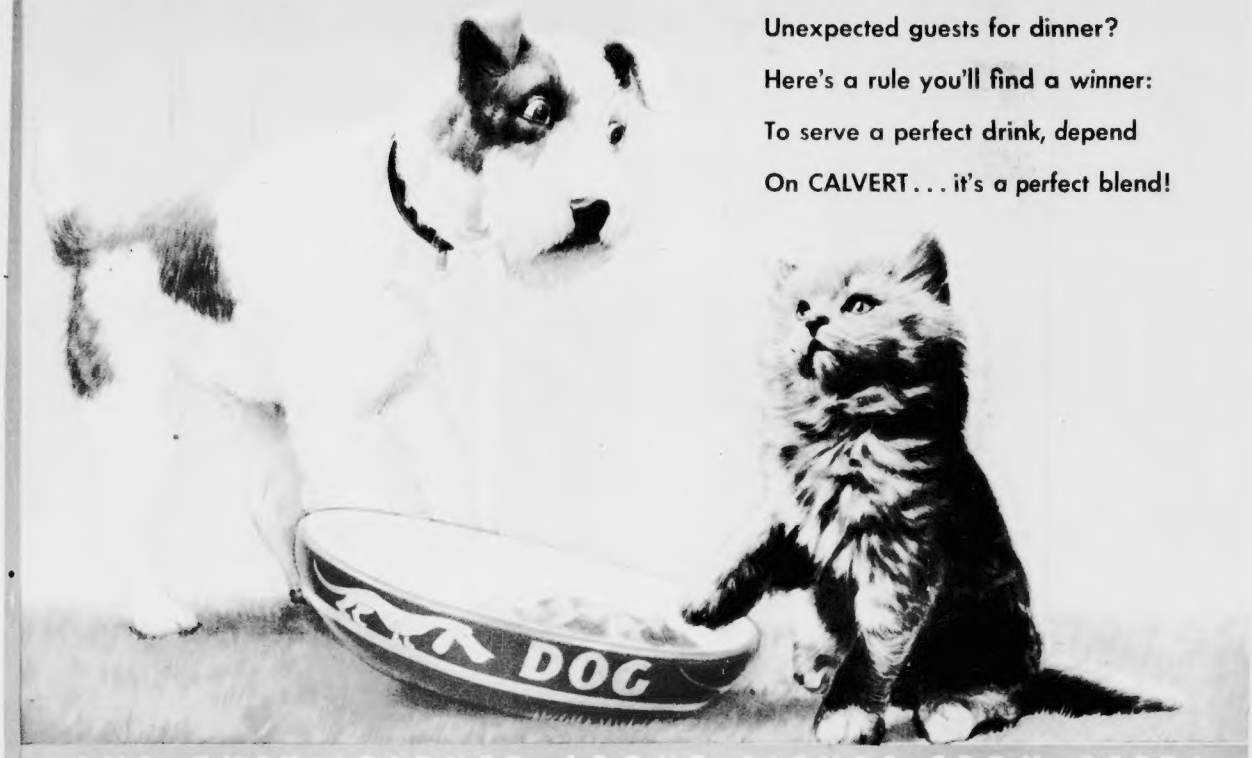
SOMETHING TO PURR ABOUT...



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